

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1870.

## The Week.

THE Congressional record for the past week is exceedingly meagre, and, except for an Oregon railroad bill, giving away about a million acres of the public lands, which was passed in the House on Friday, there has been nothing done of national interest. On Wednesday week, Mr. Edmunds reported to the Senate, from the Judiciary Committee, a bill permitting any suit, civil or criminal, while pending in any State Court, to be removed to the U. S. Circuit Court, if the defendant intends "to make any defence based upon the authority of a law of the United States, or of any Department of the Government." Such a law, if enacted, would have removed one of the subtlest points in the Richmond mayoralty arguments before Judge Underwood—that, namely, which concerned the competency of the Court. Perhaps this was what suggested the bill to the Committee. On Saturday, Mr. Judd made a praiseworthy but unsuccessful attempt in the House to throw overboard the now hopelessly encumbered Tariff Bill, and to substitute for it a simple measure, embracing but a few articles, and proposing a reduction of duty or of tax on all of them. By a vote of 96 to 32, the House preferred to keep on tinkering—or, rather, the Democrats thought Mr. Judd's method too likely to advance the public business, and so resorted to their professional policy of obstruction. On Tuesday, the last of the paragraphs relating to iron was disposed of, the result of the conflict over the whole field having been decidedly in favor of a reduction of duties. When the paragraphs on steel were reached, the committee sustained still further defeats, though sometimes the result was a higher duty than that actually in force. The struggle was greatest over the paragraph relating to Bessemer steel, and the decision reached that day, in favor of a large increase of the present duty, seemed likely to be recalled on further debate before a fuller House. On Tuesday, also, Mr. Jenckes presented anew his Civil Service Bill, and found no difficulty in meeting the half-hearted and frivolous objections brought against it. The charge that the proposed Board of Examiners was undemocratic of course reappeared, though this time not from Mr. Logan, whom, we trust, time may have convinced on this score and on others, and led to give his support to the bill.

The Funding Bill seems to have made but little progress in the House, the Committee still having it in hand, and showing as yet no sign of reporting—Mr. Boutwell, who declares the debt reduced over eleven millions last month, and one hundred and fifteen millions of gold in the Treasury, being clamorous for funding machinery, and yet unable to get it. It is hard to say what is the greatest obstacle to the passage of the bill, but probably the national banks. If Mr. Boutwell can make his peace with them, he will soon have an opportunity of letting us see what "the prominent Frankfort banker" has to say. We may be allowed to repeat, apropos of this bill, that, no matter what the merits or demerits of the banks may be, it is a bad beginning for a new loan to force them take a third of it at a low rate of interest or go out of existence. Credit was never yet improved by compulsion.

The Republicans and Democrats of this State have held conventions and made their nominations for the new Court of Appeals. We are thankful to be able to say that both tickets are excellent, and perhaps equally excellent, and the court will be composed in part of both, two judges, at least, coming from the minority. The Democrats refrained from all allusions in their resolutions to party politics, although one prominent member—we need hardly say from this city—Mr. Richard O'Gorman, made the sweet suggestion that the times demanded political judges. This valuable contribution to the discussion, however, met with no response, and, with this exception, the proceedings were from first to last very decorous. Of the Republican Convention even

more might be said, if it had not lugged into its resolution a vote of confidence in the administration of General Grant, which has no more to do with the election of judges to the New York Court of Appeals than the Coast Survey. The mention of it, therefore, served no purpose but to keep up the delusion which has been the curse of the State judiciary, that the election of judges is a party proceeding. Why was there no declaration of the determination of the convention to see the pensions of the soldiers and sailors punctually paid? We have seen no mention of this matter of late in the party platforms. Can it be that the politicians have "sold out" to the secret agents who have been so long trying to get the pensions stopped? The New York judiciary is not yet reformed; but, with a good Court of Appeals, Satan will find himself considerably hampered in his movements, even though he has the eight Supreme Court districts to rove about in. Having to go to Albany every term to appear before a hostile bench will greatly depress him, and injure his practice at the bar.

It being finally admitted that the municipal dispute in Richmond did not fall under the jurisdiction of any United States court, in spite of Judge Underwood's decision to the contrary, two habeas corpus cases were made up by agreement, and carried before the State Court of Appeals. Here the whole issue was reargued by the counsel of the contending mayors, but with a much stricter reference to what was the real question—whether the clause of the Enabling Act under which Ellyson was appointed was an infraction of the Virginia constitution. It was shown very clearly that the provision in the constitution which authorized officers whose terms had expired to continue in their functions until their successors had qualified, was prospective and not retrospective in its intent, and contemplated, not the interim between military and restored civil government, but the period when the constitution should have gone into complete operation. On this ground the court unanimously decided in favor of Mayor Ellyson, and was on the point of pronouncing its decision, on Wednesday week, when, by the giving way of the floor which separated the densely crowded court-room from the hall of the House of Delegates, there occurred a catastrophe almost unparalleled in horrors. Among its victims were representatives of nearly every section of the country, and of both sides in the late war; and while it is wonderful that all did not share a common fate, the escape from death of the mayors and their counsel is, perhaps, especially remarkable. The latter, however, were not unscathed. Ex-Governor Wells and Mr. Nesson were severely injured, and Judge Meredith not slightly. The Legislature, the bar, and the press suffered heavy losses. A colored senator, Mr. Bland, was among those whom all classes united in lamenting, and nothing could exceed the respect exhibited for him by his colleagues, in the resolutions which they passed in praise of his good offices between blacks and whites, the badge of mourning which they assumed, and in their attendance at his funeral—one of the committee which formed the escort being "Major Grimsley, the senator from Culpepper, a young officer of distinction in the Confederate service." There is something consoling in such a spectacle, and indeed in the fusion, which we trust will be more than momentary, of all interests and parties in the glow of a purely human sympathy.

The celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment by the colored people of Philadelphia, and the speech which Mr. Frederick Douglass made to them on that occasion, have fixed the attention of politicians more strongly than ever upon the colored vote, and set both parties to devising the means of winning and controlling it. It appears, or some of their more or less judicious friends strive to make it appear for them, that the newly enfranchised have "claims" to a Congressman, to at least four places in the Legislature, and to some profitable county office, not to mention a right to be elected to the League, to be stockholders in the Academy of Music, and generally to get at once social as well as political recognition. Their number is variously es-

timated at from five to ten thousand, and there is no doubt that the Republicans will have the support of the great majority of them, whether they are especially courted or not. They are said to have a very perfect organization, but this probably does not embrace the numerous and degraded negroes of the Fourth Ward, who seem to be very apt material for Democratic handling. The "Moyamensing Hose," at any rate, is making a bid for them. The Democrats, however, are a good deal divided as to the proper way of dealing with negro suffrage, although the party stands formally committed against it, and a small but respectable and educated portion declare with disgust that they will never vote at polls to which colored people are admitted—in short, will never vote again. The Republicans, on their part, whatever they may think of sharing places with the negroes, feel the burden of making the best possible nominations, in order that they may be in no wise behind their opponents, and leave no room for bolting or scratching, or for third candidates.

Our readers may remember the disturbances caused last November by the issuing of tickets to women to attend the clinical lectures at the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia. The opposition of the male students from the medical schools culminated in one disgraceful display of blackguardism and indecency, and has since remained smothered, but not extinguished. On Monday, the managers of the Hospital, who favored the continuance of the privilege, submitted the whole case to the "contributors" at their annual meeting—that is, to those who had ever given thirty dollars to the institution. This constituency amounted to between five and six thousand, and is said to have been increased by those who wished to take part in the polling, and could only thus acquire the right to. The public discussions which preceded the final decision were very animated, the press generally advocating the women's side, and the physicians as generally opposing. Some very scurrilous pamphlets were circulated, abusing the women and the Quakers about equally; but their authorship was disowned by the profession. The result was, that two-thirds out of some four hundred voters (many of them women) accepted a resolution of the managers which, without attempting to enforce mixed clinics, provides for the thorough clinical instruction of women at the Hospital. We presume the pamphleteers were not far wrong in singling out the Quakers as the chief reliance of the women in carrying their reform, and if we are not mistaken their votes were potential also last week, among those of the other stockholders, in opening the Mercantile Library on Sundays. The city, we apprehend, will never have cause to regret the action in either case.

Probably nothing, not even the calamity at Richmond, has occupied nearly so much of the attention of the country, during the week, as the MacFarland trial, which seems at this writing to be at last approaching its end. We have, of course, nothing to say at present about the merits of the case, but the conduct of MacFarland's counsel has again been abominable. That eminent anti-slavery martyr, Mr. Charles S. Spencer, having withdrawn, or been driven from the case, in consequence of his canting letter to the *Independent*, the conduct of it has passed into the hands of Mr. John Graham, who has evidently nearly as great faith as Mr. Spencer in epithets and strong language, and a much fierier temper. His practice of commenting on the evidence and the character of the witnesses as he went along led, on Friday afternoon, to an indignant remonstrance from Mr. Davis, "the private counsel" engaged for the prosecution, which so infuriated Mr. Graham that, after the adjournment of the court, he was only prevented from assaulting Mr. Davis in the court-room by the interference of the bystanders, and his language suited the occasion. But the encounters between the newspapers arising out of the affair have been marked by still greater ferocity. The *Tribune*, which, from the day of the murder and *pendente lite*, has most needlessly and injudiciously, as we pointed out at the time of the murder, made itself the champion of Richardson, and, consequently, the pursuer of MacFarland, has drawn on itself a certain amount of whatever odium Richardson's conduct excited, and has gradually worked itself, in the popular eyes, into the position of the real defendant in the suit, and, in this charac-

ter, has had a series of encounters with the *Times* of the most sanguinary character, in which no quarter was given on either side. The *Times* used rockets and grape simply, but its practice was bad; while the *Tribune* threw shells, pepper-balls, and stink-pots, and finally erected a stockade of "parallel columns," from behind which it was heard at the close of the fight melodiously reading a sermon against bad language, with some remarks on the duties of friendship.

Mr. Wilson's Army Bill has been reported in the Senate as a substitute for Mr. Logan's in the House, and it lacks the more odious features of the latter measure. The army is to be reduced to 25,000 within the coming year; and officers are to be allowed to disappear from the service on their own motion, or after thirty years' service; discharges are to be made after enquiry, and for incompetency, and no new majors or brigadier-generals are to be appointed till the number is reduced to three and six of these grades respectively. The Logan prohibition, directed against military officers holding civil offices, is, however, retained, and a good provision too. When one remembers how knavish, lazy, and inefficient army officers are, and what diligent, sober, faithful, and trustworthy persons the civilians who want Government offices usually prove, one cannot commend too highly the care Congress is taking to keep the civil service closed to the soldiers.

The report comes from the Plains that another Indian war is impending—and this time a great one—from 8,000 to 12,000 warriors being reported in the saddle, or whatever it is they sit upon, and bent on mischief, and, of course, capable of desolating hundreds of miles of frontier. The United States cavalry, all told, is not nearly numerous enough to guard the two lines of railroad, and it is being diminished every day by the expiration of terms of enlistment, so that, if things come to the worst, there will be lively times along the frontier, and perhaps on the railroad, in view of which it might not be a bad plan for California passengers to see to their scalps, wigs, and chignons. The cause of the war is the old story—non-payment of allowances and supplies, encroachments on territory, and the threatened advance of a large exploring party of miners into hunting-grounds.

Somebody, who seems to know all about the matter, writes to the *Evening Post* to explain why it is the Fenian "invasion" of Canada has not come off, as promised, on the 1st of May. It seems that it is due to the fact that the Senate has quarrelled with General O'Neill, the commander-in-chief, because, finding \$2,000 a year insufficient for the support of his family, he drew three dollars a day more out of the treasury without a vote of the legislative branch of the government. The result is, that the republic is split into two warring fragments, one of which consists of General O'Neill and a lawyer in Warren Street, whose name for obvious reasons is not revealed. This division had to quit its territory, consisting of No. 10 West Fourth Street, on the 1st of May, in accordance with the absurd New York custom, which makes that the moving-day for governments and armies, it appears, as well as for families, and has crossed over into Brooklyn, unopposed, with its furniture. General O'Neill has also arms stored, but declines to say where his army is; and, indeed, the organization of the force is such, that it is just as likely to be in Montreal or Toronto at this moment, as in New York, which shows the folly of the Canadians in mustering on the border. That Canada should be saved by the trifling circumstance that the chief of the enemy's forces took twenty-one dollars a week more than his due from the military chest, is a striking illustration of the way in which great effects are sometimes worked by small causes.

The question whether the State of Massachusetts ought to give further aid to the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad has become involved in such a mass of detail that it is difficult for an outsider to form an intelligent opinion on the merits. The issue on which the controversy turns is, whether the enterprise is likely to prove a profitable investment of the public money. To determine this a vast amount of testimony has been heard by the committee now considering the subject, and exhaustive arguments have been made on the one side by the At-



torney-General, on the other by Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr. The swindling direction of the road were also represented at the hearing by a person named Graves, and also in a most amusing manner by the President, Eldridge, who came up smiling, and "hurled the foul libel back" in the teeth of those who had uttered it. But the direction have no chance of a favorable report, for it is admitted on all hands that, whatever the State does, they must retire. If anybody is to be aided, it is the bondholders, not Eldridge, Farwell, and Graves. What the committee will report it is of course impossible to say. It is understood that they are evenly divided, and are likely to defer reporting until the end of the session, when the friends of the road hope to hurry some enactment through by the same means which were used with such success last year. Meanwhile the public is making up its mind by reading the newspapers. The independent press, we are sorry to say, and indeed almost all the Boston papers, oppose all further loans, and they rest their opinions on the testimony of such men as John M. Forbes, J. W. Brooks, and C. F. Adams, Jr. These witnesses are disinterested, and well qualified by long experience and study to form conclusions of the greatest value to the State, and nine voters out of ten are more influenced by what they say than by the report of any legislative committee.

The United States Naval Court of Enquiry, organized at Yokohama, consisting of a Captain, Lieut.-Commander, and Paymaster, to investigate the *Oneida* disaster, have sent in their report to the Navy Department. They find that the *Oneida* was properly steered, that a good and sufficient lookout was kept, and that perfect discipline prevailed on board, and that the collision was occasioned by the *Bombay's* having, "when three points forward of the *Oneida's* starboard beam, put her helm hard a-port, and gone directly at the *Oneida*, when the latter vessel at once flung her own helm hard a-starboard," and it was when thus paying rapidly off to port that the *Bombay* struck her. They further find that the channel was three miles wide, with deep water on the side on which the *Bombay* was sailing and shoal water on the other; "that the *Oneida* was skilfully handled, and that the international rules of the road were carefully and intelligently obeyed;" that the *Bombay* was loudly hailed, immediately after the collision, but took no notice of it, nor yet of three or four signals of distress, fired from the big guns with full service charges of powder; and throw the whole responsibility of the disaster on Captain Eyre. It would have greatly increased the value of the report to the non-professional reader if it had stated what "the international rules of the road are." The particular rule applicable to this case has never, so far as we know, been brought out on either side. The question seems to be one of this kind: Two wagons are driving in opposite directions on a very wide road, each on the left-hand side; should they, on approaching each other, cross over, and each pass to the right, or keep on as they are, without noticing each other? If one wagon attempts to cross at the last moment, and the other continues its course, and a collision ensues, who is to blame? Would some naval man inform the world, distinctly and simply, within what distance of each other steamships have to be for the "rule of the road" to begin to govern their movements?

The French *plébiscite* is to be taken to-day (May 5), and the last mail brings a formal statement of the Radical reasons either for voting No or abstaining from voting, signed by Arago, Bancel, Crémieux, Garnier-Pagès, and others. It declares in substance that personal government, after having been set up by violence, has been tried for eighteen years and found unbearable; that to vote Yes now would be simply to confirm its authority and strengthen its foundations; and that the parliamentary régime which is offered to the country is but a mockery as long as the right of direct appeal to the people is reserved to the Emperor, a right which it characterizes as "the permanent menace of a *coup d'état*." The telegraph also brings confused stories of the discovery of a grand conspiracy against the Emperor—according to one account, for the blowing up of the Tuileries—and "bombs" are being discovered by the police in every direction. As nearly every man mixed up in politics in any way in France now appears to go armed, of

course everybody whom the police arrests is found to have "a dagger and a pistol," and the police are making a great many arrests. In one factory, four hundred "bombs" had been ordered, but, strange to say, "owing to the strike," only twenty had been delivered. The discovery of the conspiracy, with its "extensive ramifications," has certainly been made very opportunely; and we greatly fear we find the explanation of it in the announcement, which the telegraph also makes, "that the Central Committee in favor of the *plébiscite* have sent 100,000 copies of this morning's *Figaro*, which contains all the details of the conspiracy against the life of the Emperor, into the various provinces, as a document furnishing arguments in favor of the affirmative vote."

The excitement in France about the *plébiscite* is a good deal increased by the unrest of the working-classes. The organization of the various trades has been so far improved, and the relations of the different trades with each other have been so far perfected, that the leaders are at last beginning to think of putting into execution their long-cherished dream of a general strike—that is, a strike of all men who work with their hands against the rest of society—for the purpose not so much of raising wages or shortening hours in particular trades, as of bringing about a change in the whole social organization and procuring for the working-classes a larger share of the good things of this life. More has been done in France than in any other country in producing this "solidarity" of the trades, and a general strike, which the leaders think now within their reach, would probably greatly facilitate the movement in other countries, or hasten what is its grand aim—a working-class organization over the whole of Europe, and towards which the recent labor congresses have been steps. The late great strikes at Creuzot and in Paris have apparently been entered on rather by way of drill than on account of anything peculiar in the trades engaged in them. M. Simonin, speaking in the chamber recently of the state of the country, warned those who had given the working-classes the ballot and the right of coalition that the power had passed into their hands, and the rest of the community must make up its mind, before long, to be governed by them. Edmond About has been writing the same thing, and takes a very gloomy view of the future, as he says the people have got universal suffrage before they were ready for it. At a meeting held in London the other day, to denounce property in land, one of the speakers uttered what is one of the prevailing working-class sentiments, that the workingmen had now got "a political economy of their own," and mean to have it carried out, and we fear it is based on the grand fundamental principle of everybody "going shares" with everybody in everything.

The Khedive is trying to get another loan on the London market, to the great scandal of his creditors, and without any interference from the Sultan, who not long ago formally forbade him to contract loans on his own account. His credit is, however, pretty good, in spite of the shocking disorder of his finances, and the impossibility of telling how he stands in a business sense, and for the simple reason that he is the only sovereign in the world who really owns his whole territory and nearly everything in it, and could turn them into money if he pleased. Of the amount of his revenue few people know anything, and he hardly knows himself, but it may be called whatever Egypt can produce, minus a wretched subsistence for the inhabitants. An international commission has been sitting during the past year, for the purpose of drawing up a code, and providing mixed courts for its administration, for the government of foreigners residing in Egypt, and thus to put an end to the Capitulations under which Christians are subjected to consular jurisdiction. When the report was taken to Constantinople, the Sultan, for some unexplained reason, refused to approve of it—probably through jealousy of the Khedive's relations with European powers; but he will probably give way. In the meantime, the vassal is accumulating arms, and has taken several American officers into his service, which looks as if the New York *Tribune* was again forcing the unfortunate man into war, in spite of its professions of humanity and of love of peace. However, he has the consolation of knowing that the Canal is a great success—a greater than anybody ventured to hope—and only needs more dredging and some walling to be perfect.

## THE ERIE RING AND AMERICAN CREDIT.

A FEW months ago a well-known English gentleman came to this city to look after certain millions of property, belonging to countrymen of his, which had been invested in an American railway. It is wholly unnecessary to enter into the details of his experience among us. Suffice it to say that he was a stranger and we took him in, and that he went home towards the close of the last year with considerably enlarged views on the subject of injunctions, receiverships, proceedings in equity (so called), in general, and the practice in New York courts of law in particular. One of his last acts in this country was to record his conviction that the treatment those whom he represented had undergone would deter a hundred million sterling of foreign capital from seeking an investment in America. Scarcely had the person referred to got back to the shelter of the Royal Exchange when Mr. Charles Burt, an English solicitor, was sent forth from London to do battle in the courts and Legislature of this State for certain other millions of English money which had sought an investment in the stock of the Erie Railway. The result of this gentleman's mission has yet to appear.

Meanwhile, there never has been a time when the demand for foreign capital in this country has been so great as it is now. It is alarmingly great, and the utmost inducements are held out to tempt European money-lenders. As evidence of this fact, we copy the following from two recent money articles now before us: "From Frankfort the advices are that the subscription for \$5,000,000 mortgage bonds of the Oregon-California Railway at 72½ has been successful, and that \$2,000,000 of the Port Royal are advertised at 73½ per cent. . . . It is reported that agents have arrived in Europe to procure the sale of \$100,000,000 of bonds of the projected Northern Pacific Railway. . . . Messrs. Huggins & Beswell, of Threadneedle Street, have issued a prospectus inviting subscriptions to the first mortgage bonds for \$5,000,000 of the Indianapolis, Bloomington, and Western Railway of Indiana and Illinois. The bonds are offered at the price of £168 per \$1,000. . . . Messrs. Joshua Hutchinson & Son, of Throgmorton Street, are authorized by the president and directors of the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad Company, and in virtue of an act of the Legislature of Tennessee, to negotiate the sale of \$3,900,000 in bonds bearing interest in gold at six per cent., and issued at £82 10s. per £100. . . . Messrs. J. H. Schroeder & Co. have invited subscriptions for \$450,000 eight per cent. gold bonds of the State of Alabama at 94½ (or 93½, reckoning allowances). . . . The present issue represents the subscription of the State to the Alabama and Chattanooga Railway. . . . The subscription lists opened in London by J. S. Morgan & Co. for the first mortgage bonds of the Illinois and St. Louis Bridge Company (\$4,000,000, bearing seven per cent. interest in gold) have been closed, the amount asked for having been successfully negotiated."

This list might be indefinitely continued, but is already sufficient as an illustration. One thing about it is significant—the last loan mentioned (that of the St. Louis and Illinois Bridge Company) is almost the only one of the whole which has been really negotiated. The cause of the success of this loan does not appear; it is, however, understood to be owing to the fact that the corporation in question was organized under a charter granted by Congress and beyond the reach of State Legislatures. This brings us back to the point from which we started—the influence exerted on the minds of foreign money-lenders by recent scandalous occurrences in our courts, legislatures, and corporation offices. It is distinctly affirmed by those most conversant with European money markets that no more loans on private corporate securities coming from this country can be negotiated abroad, except at a ruinous discount, until the law vindicates the rights of those who now stand before our courts as defrauded and baffled plaintiffs. This proposition sounds very reasonable. Capital is generally declared to be timid. After what has happened it would, indeed, be bold as a lion if it sought investment under the regis of Mr. Justice Barnard and within reach of Col. James Fisk, Junior.

What are the prospects as to the successful vindication of the rights of those whom Mr. Burt has come over here to represent? Not, we fear, very good at present. Few persons, after all that has been

said and written on the subject, have any conception of the strength of the combination which now holds the Erie Railway as its individual property. This matter is deserving of much more than a moment's consideration. It is only two years since those who compose the Erie dynasty were fugitives from the process of that court which now protects them, and, as such, were then barricaded in a hotel in Jersey City. They have since proved themselves to be men who learn by experience; during their exile they realized the benefit of enjoying a personal influence with the powers that be, and one, at least, of the ruling triumvirate is no vulgar knave, but an adventurer possessing rare faculties for combination. From the day these men returned from Jersey City, and their gross outrages on the dignity of our courts were condoned on the payment of a \$10 fine—from that day they have worked like spiders in a web to bind in intricate meshes their grand victim—the Erie Railway. Their method of procedure has been curious, instructive, and alarming. The moment that the present leaders stepped into the control of the road in July, 1868, the public was favored with an intimation of the course to be pursued. Two prominent members of the Tammany Ring took their places with them in the board of direction. This foreshadowed a powerful alliance; it did more, it signified, what events have since proved, that the executive government and judiciary of New York City were in future to be the very faithful servants of the *de facto* proprietors of the Erie Railway. Jersey City had not proved an agreeable place of refuge, and security was taken against any necessity of a return to that locality. The combination, however, was not yet complete. The Legislature and executive of the State, as well as of the city, must be brought into it. This, too, was in due time effected; the law known as the Erie Directors Bill—a law which was the crowning scandal of a venal legislature—was duly passed and sent to a governor who for ever sealed his own condemnation when he recorded his reasons, not for rejecting, but for signing it. Success elated the ruling spirit of the triumvirate; there seemed no one whom he could not circumvent, no part of the government which could not be made subservient to his frauds. One year had brought the whole public machinery of the State within his subtle influence; another should see the National Government his very humble coadjutor. There was something sublime in the audacity of the idea; there was something alarming in its near approach to success. The net was cunningly flung out; the Assistant Treasurer of the United States in New York, and a brother-in-law of the President, were securely entangled in it, and even the President himself, though untouched in his integrity, was deluded by cunning sophistry, while open bribes were tendered to confidential officers of his staff and to the members of his family. Then came the day of disaster; the scheme was very ingenious, but its success was more than mere mortals had a right to expect. The 24th day of September saw the engineer hoist with his own petard. This, though the final and utter destruction of the carefully prepared national combination, did but reveal the perfect strength of that which held the State government in its meshes. The triumvirate bore safely out the storm, strong in the protection of the court and civil power; there were no more flights to Jersey City, no more threats of Ludlow Street jail.

Meanwhile time passed; the Legislature met; Mr. Burt landed in this country and confronted his opponents, with a majority of the stock of the Erie Railway Co. in his hands and without a voice in its direction. The position did not seem very alarming, but the scheming brain in the Grand Opera House was busy again with its combinations. In the Legislature, the usurping triumvirate was supreme; the word of one of its associate directors was law there; the city government and the civil power were its own, and the courts might almost be considered its other self; it owned a national bank. It seemed difficult to invent any additional strength for such a combination. One doubt did suggest itself. The defences were weak on the side of the United States authorities. Neither the National Government nor the national courts were controlled by the Ring, and to the latter Mr. Burt would naturally and inevitably have recourse. Here was a threatening danger. The courts and civil authority of the city could be relied on, certainly and in any event, perhaps also the executive of the State; a conflict of authority might thus be among the contingencies of the future. At



any rate, and stimulated by whatever motives, one of the triumvirate, whose ambition had hitherto seemed to lie in the direction of naval titles and a maritime fame, was now seized with a military ardor. Suddenly his election to the command of a regiment of the State militia was announced, and certain observing men thought they saw in this the handiwork of a shrewder head than rested upon the shoulders of the new colonel, who notoriously was only less ignorant than he was reckless. The combination had absorbed into itself a new element of power, the military arm.

Meanwhile the Legislature was not idle, and statutory entrenchments were thrown up on every side to perfect the security of the triumvirate. A bill was introduced which practically empowered those in possession of the offices of the Erie Railway to sell out the whole company, and to reorganize in such a form as to be free from the molestation of foreign stockholders. This measure was for some reason not reported by the committee. A bill was proposed which looked to depriving Mr. Burt by law of the services of eminent counsel whom he had retained, and on whom he mainly depended. Failing by itself, this legal outrage was smuggled through in two different forms. Another bill, however, openly became a law, certain provisions of which lend a startling significance to Col. Fisk's recently conceived military aspirations; it practically secured the usurpers against all danger through any of the State courts by confining the power of bringing suit against them to the attorney-general of the State, the whole political machinery of which they almost absolutely controlled. The act in question, however, went further—much further; it seemed ingeniously framed and contrived to precipitate, and render inevitable, conflicts of jurisdiction between the State and Federal courts, to recall to existence, if need be, the spirit of State rights in defence of organized robbery by an appeal to armed force.

Here the combination rests to-day, and such is the power entrenched in the Erie corporation rooms which Mr. Burt is courageously preparing to assail. What materials for a counter-combination may exist within his reach we do not now propose to discuss. There are such, and they are very potent; but whether they can be brought into immediate active union remains to be seen. Meanwhile, on the issue of the contest depends, in very great degree, the most important financial interests of America. It is here to be decided whether our State laws and State courts will afford any protection worthy of the name to foreign investors. If in the result it shall appear that they do not, then the prediction of the London financier, with which this article opened, will fall far short of the truth. We are a very patient people; but yet it cannot be that the public understand this matter fully or they would not submit to be thus outraged. Messrs. Jay Gould and James Fisk, Jr., are to-day probably the two most expensive luxuries that this country enjoys. They cost us millions in hard money, paid as interest every year, and they cost us yet more and other millions which, but for them, would flow to us from abroad and fructify on our soil. Nevertheless, our whole machinery of government is stretched out to protect them and to continue them in power. Our bankers and money-changers know this well enough, and yet they submit; the time may come when the whole community will realize it, and then, perhaps, a national nuisance may be suddenly abated. Mr. Burt and his clients must not lose heart; they have with them now the sympathies of all intelligent and honest Americans; they may yet, when they least expect it, enjoy also their active co-operation.

#### THE REVENUE REFORMERS AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE *New York Times* seems to have discovered in what we said last week of the meeting of revenue reformers, recently held in Washington, evidence of greater indifference on the part of the persons present to the claims of the Republican party to popular confidence and support than we certainly meant to express. The meeting was not wholly composed of Republicans; there were Democrats present; and the object of the discussion was not an enquiry into the value of either party, but the discovery of points of agreement on the great questions of the day—the tariff, the currency, and the condition of the Civil Service; or, in other words, of the instruments by which the taxes are collected and

expended. It was held by all that right legislation on these subjects was of prime importance, and that if party allegiance seemed to stand in the way of securing it, it was to be sacrificed, at all events in the case of the Republicans, wherever it seemed possible to do so without endangering the results of the war, or helping to put into public life a notorious and incorrigible copperhead. Of formally setting up "a third party" there was no thought or mention. Every person present was aware that new parties are not made to order; that they grow up naturally around new ideas and new wants; and that the first concern of reformers is to spread new ideas and make new wants widely felt. This done, the required party organization is sure to come of itself without anybody's taking any special pains about it. If the Republican party can be made the instrument of the needed legislation, well and good; if not, why it must go to pieces. The Republican party, like all other parties, is a means, not an end. To keep it up because of its past services, when its inability to meet the new requirements of the country had been demonstrated, would be not politics, but fetish-worship—indeed, hardly more sensible than reverently keeping old rails on the track out of affectionate remembrance of the enormous quantities of freight they had in their day safely transported.

That some change was necessary, the meeting had abundant proof in the debates on the tariff going on in the Capitol while it was sitting. The most ardent protectionists confess now that the performances of the House over the tariff during the last two months have been most injurious to the national reputation and the national industry. If the Tariff Bill should be totally dropped before the end of the session, as for some weeks past has seemed not unlikely, it would be a fitting termination to a very sorry farce. What has occurred, however, has gone far to convince the country that whatever be the rights or wrongs of the high-tariff theory, we have no machinery in this country, and are never likely to have any, fitted to carry it out. The encouragement of particular branches of industry, either by means of protective duties or in any other way which involves either the bestowal of bounties or an artificial raising of prices, is exceedingly delicate work. It would almost need an archangel to administer it fairly, honestly, efficiently, and persistently. It consists under a popular government, when stripped of the custom-house drapery, simply in the opening of the public purse to such trades and callings as have the strongest lungs and longest arms; and what we have been witnessing at Washington lately has been not so much attempts at protective legislation as a general scramble for a certain portion of the public money. The cause of all this lies not in Congress, but in human nature; and in popular government there is no getting rid of human nature. If Colbert took it into his head to protect pig-iron, he would clap on his ten or twelve-dollar-duty by decree, without asking the cotton-spinners or railroad men what they thought of it; and he would keep the duty there as long as he pleased. If anybody cried out against it, he would find himself on his way to the galleys next morning. If a batch of "revenue reformers" met to discuss and protest, they would probably have to adjourn to the Bastille, and stay there till their heads grew gray. But when Mr. Schenck undertakes this duty in our time, he finds that fifty other industries want as much done for them as for the iron industry, that he cannot silence or get rid of them, and that they are as strong as he is, or stronger, and will have a fair division of whatever "protection" he has at command; and that, in short, the example of Colbert is of about as much value to him as the example of Tamerlane or Genghis Khan. Of the corrupting influence of the system we have no time here to speak, nor yet of its effect in diverting our vast wealth of ingenuity from the ennobling work of mechanical invention and contrivance to the barren and debasing work of lobbying. Something is surely wrong in a modern state when manufacturers who stand in the very foremost rank, such as our edge-tool makers, for instance, on finding foreign rivals underselling them, instead of sitting down to study their processes and overhaul their books, have to leave their factories to take care of themselves, and go to Washington to have long palavers with men who hardly know a hawk from a hand-saw.

To put an end to this state of things, and put the industry of the country on a *natural* basis—that is, on a basis which will stand, not if

all men are wise and enlightened and familiar with the works of Henry C. Carey, but if men remain just as they are, some wise and some foolish, some protectionists like Horace Greeley, and some free-traders like Amasa Walker—is now the work before any party which, being in a majority, has charge of the government of the country. The object of the revenue reformers is, first of all, to satisfy the Republican party that this is its main duty, and to persuade it to do it. If it should appear that it cannot be got to take this view of its duty, why they must still keep preaching, let the consequences be what they may. But we cannot help thinking that, as Mr. Nordhoff hinted in his recent letter to the *Evening Post*, the next election will probably bring so many Congressmen over to a better way of thinking, whether it be the free-trade way or not, that the party will yet be found equal to the task before it.

#### THE FRENCH PLÉBISCITE.

THE refusal of the Emperor to give up the right of ordering a *plébiscite*, or direct appeal to the people, at his pleasure, without the intervention of the legislature—and, indeed, it might be *against* the legislature—has plunged French politics once more into confusion, and broken up the Ollivier Cabinet. Count Daru, who represented the Orleanists, and is indeed the first Orleanist of note who gave in his adhesion to the Imperial dynasty, and whose willingness to take a place in the Cabinet was looked on as one of the best proofs that parliamentary government was again going to be set up in France, has resigned, from the feeling that the reservation by the Emperor of the right to call for *plébiscites* was in reality the reservation of the right to make *coups d'état* at pleasure, and that in the presence of any such right on the part of the executive, parliamentary government must be a mockery. M. Buffet, who was a Radical, and has always been a fierce opponent of the Napoleonic régime, has resigned, too, from somewhat similar reasons, thus taking out of the Cabinet all that it possessed of a real and acknowledged liberalism, except M. Ollivier himself, who is now openly treated by the Left as a traitor, but who seems to hold on to the Emperor, in what often seems a romantic faith that all will come out right in the end. We need hardly say that this state of things is looked on by the believers in the possibility of a liberal Empire with dismay, and the European press generally treats the Emperor's resistance as a veritable reaction, or falling back once more on the army and the government of force.

The objections to the right of the executive to take a popular vote whenever it pleases are obvious enough. The executive has the command of the army and the appointment of the civil functionaries, or, in other words, the practical possession of the government. With the army at its disposal, it can always afford to disregard temporarily the enactments of the legislature, and with the civil functionaries at its disposal, it can always, in a country in which only one in ten of the inhabitants can read and write, and the rural neck is thoroughly used to the yoke of the central authority, extract almost any result it pleases from a popular vote, or, in other words, secure the popular approval for any measures it may see fit to take against the legislature; consequently, the new constitution, if it contained this article, would really leave the country with no security whatever for its liberties; it would legalize such acts as the *coup d'état* of 1851, the illegality of which even Bonapartists do not attempt to deny, and would make the Chambers a mere board for the transaction of such business as the Emperor liked to leave it. Moreover, the Liberals say that it is not possible that the Emperor would venture to take his *plébiscite* now, unless the result had been provided for beforehand by the use of the old tactics, and reforms brought about in this way can be of no possible value; born of corruption to-day, they may be stifled in corruption to-morrow. The power of appeal to the country, they say, in order to make the constitutional reforms a reality, must be lodged in the legislature, as some sort of counterbalance to the brute force lodged in the hands of the executive; or, if lodged in the hands of the executive, it must, as in England, be exercised indirectly, through the legislature as a medium, by means of a dissolution. In other words, the people must be asked, not, do they approve of what the Emperor has done; but do they desire the majority of the Lower House to retain their seats?

Another bad sign of the crisis is the entrance into the Cabinet of M. Magne and M. de la Guéronnière, both of whom are old and hardened adherents of the dynasty. M. Magne has been one of the most subservient ministers of finance a despot could desire, and M. de la Guéronnière belongs to the same school of politicians as the Cassagnacs—father and son—that is, he is one of the “Mamelukes,” as they are called, or body-guards of the Emperor, and ready to do any job at his bidding, and whose idea of the proper composition of the government was well expressed by Paul de Cassagnac, when he said, addressing himself to the Radicals, that it consisted of the police, the clergy, and army—“the police to catch you, the priest to shrive you, and the army to shoot you down.” The reappearance of men of this class on the scene certainly does indicate strongly that the days of personal government are not yet over, and that people have been flattering themselves that France had made much more progress during the last six months than she really had.

The Emperor defends himself in his obstinacy by arguing that were he to lay down the power of direct appeal to the people, he would confess himself a vanquished man, which his self-respect and the respect due to his office will not permit him to do, and that, moreover, were he to consent to the reforms now proposed without obtaining for them the popular sanction, he would confess that the process by which he converted the republic into an empire and himself into a hereditary monarch had no legal force or effect, and might be set aside on his own mere motion—which regard for the safety of his dynasty will not permit him to do; that, in short, the great peculiarity of his dynasty is that it rests on the popular will directly expressed, and that to place anybody whatever between it and the popular will would be to change its basis. On the other hand, some of its friends, and not the least shrewd, say that a monarchy which makes a practice of taking a direct popular vote on all its more important acts can hardly hope to be long considered hereditary; that hereditary monarchy rests on the idea that the national will once expressed becomes irrevocable, and that one generation is competent to settle the main facts of government in such manner as to bind all coming generations; that if you break in on this idea, it is useless to hope that people will look on calmly at the completion of so important a transaction as the passage of the crown to the Emperor's son—a new man of whom they know nothing—without a fresh application for their consent, and that if you ask their consent at the accession of each new ruler the monarchy becomes elective. That there is great force in this nobody can deny. The taking of the new *plébiscite* indicates a very defective appreciation by the Emperor of the part played by habit in political affairs, or of the extent to which every dynasty rests on mere popular familiarity with the idea of its immobility. A fresh appeal to the people spreads abroad once more the feeling that nothing in France is as yet fixed; that all things are open to question; and it spreads it, too, when the Emperor is sixty years old, his son a boy, and the most intelligent and active portion of the French people fiercely hostile to him.

The vote will be taken on the 5th of May on the simple question whether the people approve of “the liberal reforms which have been effected in the constitution since 1860 by the Emperor, with the concurrence of the great legislative bodies of the state, and ratify the *senatus-consultum* of April 20, 1870.” It is to be taken in a single day, and meetings for discussion preparatory to the vote have been permitted since April 23, and might be held down to Monday last, and the prefects had been enjoined to permit the freest discussion. Thus far the meetings do not seem to have been very improving, and have been marked by a good deal of turbulence and folly, though their effect in familiarizing people with free discussion will doubtless be very valuable. With regard to the vote, it may be set down as certain that the legitimists will abstain, *en masse*, from voting, and though they form a very insignificant body in point of numbers, they are very influential through their wealth, large landed estates, and social position. The moderates (Centre and Left Centre) seem likely to vote Yes; the extreme Radicals will doubtless entirely abstain or vote No; while the peasantry will probably vote Yes *en masse*. The causes of anxiety to the Government are, the probability that the majority voting



Yes may be either a very small one, and thus have no moral effect, or that so many may abstain that the majority will not be a majority of the voting population. The chances, however, on the whole seem to be in favor of a heavy affirmative vote.

### IN MAY.

Now that the green hillside has quite  
Forgot that it was ever white,  
With quivering grasses clothed upon,  
And dandelions invite the sun,  
And columbines have found a way  
To overcome the hard and grey  
Old rocks which also feel the Spring,  
And birds make love and swing and sing  
On boughs which were so bare of late,  
And bees become importunate,  
And butterflies are quite at ease  
Upon the well-contented breeze,  
Which only is enough to make  
A shadowy laughter on the lake,  
And all the clouds that here and there  
Are floating, melting in the air,  
Are such as beautify the blue,—  
Now, what is worthier, May, than you  
Of all my praise, of all my love,  
Except whom you remind me of?

ROBERT WEEKS.

### THE "LIBERTINE PRESS."

THERE are loud wails from all parts of the world in which the press is free, over the growth of sensational, eavesdropping, scandalmongering, malignant, blackmailing journalism. The rapidity with which intelligence is now transmitted has so stimulated public curiosity that the purveying of news—of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent—has become one of the most remunerative of trades; and those who have successfully engaged in it having discovered that there is no news on the whole so profitable, that is, so easily bought and sold, as personal gossip, have pushed their operations into the domain of private life to a degree never before known, and, in doing so, have become possessed of a means of intimidation which is to some persons, and those amongst the best, very terrible. The result is that the blackmail editor—this is a strong term, but it is the correct one—occupies the position in our day towards the rest of the community which the duelling bully occupied in the last century. He takes the wall of decent people and forces them to step into the mud; criticises their personal appearance, stares their wives and daughters out of countenance; looks into their window when they are at dinner, and laughs over the fare, and, when they complain, impudently offers them "satisfaction." But then there was one check on the duelling bully: bullets and steel went through his carcase without difficulty, and he could not tell the moment when he might insult a man who handled the sword or pistol as well as he did, and would sacrifice him to the infernal gods. Consequently, he had to exercise some caution. His successor of course labors under no such restraint. He is under no obligation to expose himself to any risk. He sits snugly in his editorial chair, and blazes away at his victim as long as it affords him any amusement, and, what is better still, gets paid handsomely by an admiring public for every shot he gives. In other words, the more of a bully and blackmail he is, the richer he grows. His victims cannot retort, because they have no weapons. To fight him on equal terms, they would need to control a newspaper, and newspapers are such expensive weapons that nobody but professional editors can use them for personal warfare.

When we come to talk of a remedy, we find that nearly everybody has one of his own, and each differs from all the others. *Harper's Weekly* took the subject up last week, and produced a cure which is, it seems to us, very inadequate. It says:

"The remedy lies primarily in the editorial profession, and not in the public; and if shrewd and honorable editors make an interesting paper, without pandering to the blackmail taste of the public, they detach from the support of the blackmail papers those who buy them, because they find them more entertaining than the others; and thus the line will be drawn. But honorable men who become journalists will prefer to make money honorably, and will decline the other kind of service. In this way the real dignity and worth of the press may be advanced, while just in the

degree that the libertinism increases, the character and civilizing power of the press will decline. The touch of the libertine press soils every cause as it dishonors every person. Its advocacy is felt to be either venal or sensational. Its object is that of the pirate and of the adventurer—to make money at any price, and to give its baseness the finest name. Among truly sagacious and self-supporting journals the libertine newspaper is what a sharper and pander is among gentlemen. He affects to resemble them. But he listens at keyholes. He cheats at cards. He lies and swears. He swaggers and cringes. He is a bully and a coward. Gentlemen avoid him, and do not name him.

"It is in this way that the encroachments of the libertine press in this country are to be opposed. The active work must be done by the editors. If they denounce and then embrace, they must not be surprised that the public embraces without denouncing. They must show that libertinism is not essential to the liveliest and the most attractive of newspapers, and then the blackmail journals will go to their own place and patrons."

Now, we cannot help thinking that the editors can do very little about the matter; that nearly all that can be done by way of cure has to be done by the public. It is the public which supports "the libertine press," and makes it attractive as a calling. No blackmail would edit a blackmail paper if he did not find that it not only paid, but, on the whole, paid well; and the reason why it pays well is because the public like it. To call on "honorable journalists" to put him down by making their papers "interesting," is like calling on painters and sculptors to make their pictures so attractive as to ruin the trade in obscene photographs. Make your paper ever so interesting, and it will want the particular kind of spice which gives the libertine paper its sale. Make your picture ever so noble, so beautiful and entertaining, and it will still want the foul suggestiveness which renders the indecent photograph or engraving one of the most vendible of all works of art. There are several bad instincts and bad tendencies in human nature against which it is folly to call on preachers or editors or teachers to contend single-handed. The public must do most of the work. If each man gave way to every other low taste every time he felt its promptings as readily as he buys a blackmail paper for the purpose of seeing his neighbor "exposed" or ridiculed or reviled, the churches and art galleries and lecture-rooms and libraries might as well be shut up; the brothels and taverns would be the only really prosperous and attractive institutions in the country. That they are not we owe to the fact that the great body of the community stands firm against their temptations, discountenances and denounces and brings children up to dread them, and thus forms and maintains a taste which loathes them and a conscience which disapproves of them. When we see something of this kind roused against the libertine press it will decline, but not a minute sooner.

At present, we are apparently a good way from any so desirable consummation. Very few persons, indeed, have any moral sense, either transcendental or utilitarian, about newspapers. Periodical literature is of such recent growth, and its direct influence so difficult to see or appreciate, that hardly any feeling of duty about it has grown up in the public mind. Moreover, the preachings of a newspaper are so mixed up with its news proper that it is difficult to make any distinction, and the appetite for early intelligence is so great that people like a paper for its news without caring what use is made of the power which the supplying of the news gives—a fact with which the libertine press has become thoroughly familiar and profits by it.

But, then, the sins of the public with regard to the libertine press are by no means sins of carelessness simply. They absolutely connive at some of its worst abuses. For instance, the blackmailing of insurance companies has long been a regular business in this city, and the process consists simply in starting a periodical nominally devoted to insurance and subjects connected with it, and then asking the insurance companies to advertise in it on pain of being denounced as insolvent or declining, in case they refuse. The circulation of the paper, which is perhaps mostly gratuitous, is at best small; but then the reputation of insurance companies is very sensitive; a mere unfavorable report about a company is sufficient to do serious injury; so they succumb, give the rascals the advertising, and pay the bills without question. The rascals, however, go farther than this, for, as may be imagined, they are enterprising as well as ingenious. If a company resists, they prepare their attack on it, get it struck off on slips, and supply these to its rivals for distribution through their agents at so much a thousand, and officers of some companies buy these libels and distribute them accordingly; or, in other words, join the gang in plundering their neighbors. Nevertheless, officers of insurance companies are amongst the most respectable members of the community, and a little concert and courage on their part would suffice to break up this species of swindling.

In these transactions, however, the blackmailing appears in its naked

simplicity. But so profitable, and at the same time so odious, a business is seldom carried on in its naked simplicity. Papers of a general character, devoted to news, literature, religion, and what not, begin to have a regular blackmail department, in which contributions are levied on persons seeking access to the public for commercial purposes just as regularly and systematically as the barons on the Rhine used to levy tolls on travellers going down to the sea. They are called on to advertise in the paper on pain of being either hinted or insinuated against, or openly denounced, all of which would, in a widely-circulated or influential paper, probably do great injury. If they comply, they receive some words of special puff or commendation, which is the equivalent of the barons' passport, and sometimes payment is asked for this puff too, over and above the advertising bill, and with the same penalty in case of non-compliance. Now, the most respectable business men in the community submit to this sort of extortion without a murmur. They know that here again a little courage and public spirit would break up the trade; but they have them not, and so the trade flourishes. It flourishes, in many cases, under the flag of religion or humanity, or reform of some sort, just as the baron was as likely as not to have a cross on his banner, and keep a domestic chaplain in his stronghold. But then it is not wonderful, seeing the community so cowardly, that some of the men who go into the trade should think the pretence of religion and reform cumbersome and unnecessary, and take the devil into the firm openly as a general partner, and go roystering round the streets with him, and taking purses publicly from the passers-by.

Perhaps, however, there is nothing which, on the whole, gives the libertine press so much encouragement as the charitableness and forgiveness of the public. That the cultivation of such virtues should absolutely work evil sounds strange; and yet nothing is more certain than that they do, and their doing so is one of the mysteries of the moral world, over which men have puzzled from the beginning, and will puzzle to the end. If the publishing of a libertine paper meant certain and perpetual social damnation to the editor, probably very few men would be so indifferent to the opinion of their fellows as to attempt it, let the prospect of wealth from it be ever so tempting and so sure. But there is hardly a blackguard editor at work at this moment who does not flatter himself that, if he can only make his fortune, he can then retire from the business, or change the character of his paper, and that society will then speedily forget all about his sins, and, if he be personally agreeable, receive him into favor and consideration. Moreover, there are good grounds for this expectation in the practice of society every day towards all sorts of offenders. It is becoming more and more the fashion not to treat any stain as indelible, and, not only this, but to receive the penitent thief as in all respects the equal of the man who has never stolen.

The effect of this on social morality is tolerably bad already, and we doubt if we have seen the worst of its results, either on the press or any other calling. It has deprived, and is depriving, character—that is, steady persistence to the end in well-doing—of much of its social value. Persistence in well-doing involves in nearly every man's life more or less discomfort, privation, resistance to temptation, postponement of dearly-loved pleasures of all kinds. These the average man will not undergo when he knows that he may have the rewards of righteousness, in so far as they come from public opinion, any time he pleases, while a temporary indulgence in rascality may make him immensely rich. The rule, for instance, on which the Government acted in the case of Sickles, and on which, in the opinion of many good men, it did well to act, is one which is calculated to destroy the only restraint which keeps millions from vice. That the lesson was without its effect on the press is hardly to be supposed. The public can, in short, have the press just as good as it pleases, and the press will never be a whit better than the public calls for; and as long as the merchants, bankers, and brokers tamely allow the newspaper caterans to prey upon them, without remonstrance, we may be sure the newspaper caterans will be a large and prosperous body.

#### ENGLAND.—PROSPECTS OF THE IRISH LAND BILL—THE FINANCES—THE BOAT RACE.

LONDON, April 15, 1870.

WE have reached Easter, and members of Parliament are taking a short rest from their labors. I know not how many of them look back with pleasure upon the work they have hitherto accomplished; but I fear that the general feeling is so far one of disappointment. Mr. Gladstone is what is called, in the language of the prize ring, a glutton for work; he cut out for himself a task at which some of his less enthusiastic colleagues were frightened, and despised the warning thrown out by Mr. Bright

about driving six omnibuses through Temple Bar. The great majority at his disposal seemed, however, to justify the sanguine policy; and, but for certain circumstances, his expectations might have been, as perhaps they may still be, approximately fulfilled. I have on previous occasions noted one or two of these, and especially the unfortunate necessity of introducing once more a coercion bill. Another, which is gradually becoming more evident, is the extreme complexity of the Land Bill—a complexity which is only too characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's habitual methods of reasoning. The consequence is that the bill is rapidly getting to be amongst those things which "no fellow can understand." A correspondent ought, I suppose, to partake the omniscience of newspapers in general. Nothing should be too hard for a summary explanation. At the same time, I must honestly confess, and I beg your pardon for my stupidity, that I do not understand the Land Bill. Nay, I will add that I know nobody at the present moment who is bold enough to say that he understands it. I met a friend, the other day, who was on his way to legislate for his country. He pulled from his pocket what appeared to be a moderate-sized volume, and informed me that it was the abridgment of the amendments proposed on Clause 3. I forget the precise number of clauses; but, if I am not wrong, they get some way into the hundreds; and, though Clause 3 is one of the most vital parts of the bill, there are many others which will give ample opportunity for discussion. The committee has so far succeeded in approximately settling one and a half. I leave you to calculate, if you please, how long they are likely to be in despatching the remainder. In fact, the case is simple enough. Government introduced an elaborate measure; they have since modified it considerably; 658 gentlemen have exercised their ingenuity in tugging it hither and thither, cutting out and inserting and altering; and the consequence is that it has become a labyrinth through which scarcely anybody can find his way; the latter clauses cease to refer to the earlier, and every change involves so many other changes that it is impossible to say distinctly what would be the result of any given alteration. I find, for example, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of this morning, a careful and apparently satisfactory argument, professing to come from a friend to the bill, who proves, or seems to prove, the following assertion: "We shall take a clause which the committee have already passed, the first and simplest in the bill, and one which only seeks to legalize an existing system, and we shall have no difficulty in showing that its effect will be absolutely illusory inasmuch as it is intended to give any protection to the tenant." The clause referred to is the Ulster tenant right, and the argument is substantial. Mr. Gladstone has scrupulously left to the landlord the power of raising his rent, the landlord will be able to repay himself for any loss given to the tenant by this simple process. It is necessary, however, to hunt through so many clauses to discover the precise effect of any regulation, that it is possible that the writer's arguments may be unsound. Certainly, I shall not undertake to pronounce upon it.

I will not discuss the merits of the bill, so far as they have hitherto been revealed, further than to say that it is rather a bad omen for its ultimate success that so many unforeseen difficulties should have already turned up. The bill, or rather some bill founded upon the present proposal, will be certainly passed, for the credit not only of Government, but of Parliament, is pledged to passing one. But it may be doubted whether so complicated a measure will really give satisfaction to anybody. Landlords and tenants will not understand their mutual relations, and they will not impossibly plunge into a mass of litigation in order to elucidate the difficulty. Meanwhile, one conclusion of more general interest may be noticed. There is a strong feeling that our present mode of legislation is unduly clumsy. Parliament seems to be able only to pass one big measure in a session, and that one measure becomes such a piece of patchwork that it requires a whole series of supplementary measures to put it tolerably straight. On the present occasion, moreover, it is an Irish measure which stops the way, and which prevents English legislation from getting forward, whilst it naturally fails to represent the Irish view of the matter. This gives a certain plausibility to a feeling which is apparently growing, that Irish business ought to be turned over to the Irish, and that we, who have so much to do on our own account, should not choke our legislature by trying to do business for other people as well. In short, the national sentiment is growing daily more pronounced in Ireland even amongst the upper classes; and it is not improbable that a prophecy made by Mr. Gladstone in 1834, when he was yet an ardent conservative, may come to be fulfilled, and that the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment may only be the prelude to a formidable agitation for a repeal of the Union. Fenianism has never been very dangerous in Ireland; but the sentiments of



which it was an expression seem to be extending rather than growing feebler. A *flasco* on the part of Government in the legislation of the present session, which does not seem to be out of the question, would undoubtedly go far to strengthen this feeling, and we may not improbably be on the eve of a still more serious contest than any which has lately taken place.

It is enough for the present to point out this possibility, which is as yet rather a subject for private speculation than for open discussion. I will turn to the more satisfactory topic of our finances. Mr. Lowe had the pleasant task of propounding his budget on Monday, and had little to say that was not of the most rose-colored hue. Our expenditure has been less than was calculated; our revenues have been greater; and but for our costly investment in military glory in Abyssinia, we should be in a position of unprecedented financial prosperity. As it is, we have a very agreeable prospect. The floating debt is at a lower point than it has been within the memory of man; and Mr. Lowe had only to consider what branch of our taxation was to be reduced. The surplus for the coming year is now estimated at between four and five millions sterling. The main proposals which were noticed by Mr. Lowe were to apply it in reduction of the national debt or to accept a policy indicated in the popular cry for a "free breakfast-table"—translated into more prosaic terms, this means the abolition of the taxes upon tea and sugar. The conclusion at which Mr. Lowe arrived was very simple, and I think has been pretty generally approved. He devotes a very small sum towards the reduction of the national debt. By turning certain funds into terminable annuities, about seven millions of the debt will be extinguished in 1885. The main advantages to be derived from the surplus will be unequally divided. The income tax will be reduced from fivepence to fourpence in the pound, and a larger sum will be saved by reducing the tax on sugar to one-half. This may be considered as bringing our financial system to about its ultimate form in these directions. In other words, we divide the taxation between direct and indirect sources, so as to equalize the pressure as much as possible. The adoption of a free-trade policy has reduced the number of taxes so considerably that we cannot expect that any further diminution will take place. The only changes in future will be to raise or, it is to be hoped, to lower the rates imposed, but not to change materially the sources from which the revenue is derived. We have, in fact, got at the end of the greatest practicable simplicity, and we are as contented with the payment of taxes at all. Some indirect taxes are inevitable, as otherwise the system would practically be that the Government impose taxes on the rich; but they will not be multiplied—on the other hand, it is not to be hoped that they will be materially diminished. On the whole, Mr. Lowe's budget is the last step in the policy gradually carried out by Sir R. Peel and Mr. Gladstone under the pressure of the movement for free-trade, and it is some comfort to be able to believe that in one great branch of legislation we seem to have arrived pretty nearly at a definitive conclusion.

I should not be doing justice to the topics of the day if I omitted to notice the University boat-race. Cambridge, as you will see, has at last won. It won not so much by turning out a crew very superior in style to its predecessors, though there was a distinct improvement in this respect, but chiefly because it had on this occasion, for the first time for many years, a decided superiority in physical strength. The crew was a magnificent one, averaging 12 stone, or, as you would say, 168 pounds, in weight, and fairly rowed Oxford down by superior lasting power. You will not perhaps care for these details. I may remark, however, that the interest in the case has risen to such a pitch that it is beginning to be denounced as a nuisance. The numbers present increase at every contest, and London becomes fairly emptied of a large proportion of its population on the critical day. On the Saturday previous to the race, there were more spectators of the practice than would have been present at the race itself ten years ago; and the victory of Cambridge was hailed by four miles and a half of human beings packed as closely as they could stand. The University crews attract even more interest than the horses running for the Derby. The amazing prominence given to athletic sports at our universities has long been attacked as a growing evil, and it seems to be arriving at its culminating point. Moreover, some dangerous elements are beginning to show themselves. The race is scrupulously fair, and nobody has even ventured to hint that the crews have ever been influenced by anything but a thirst for aquatic glory. But it is beginning to be a subject for bets, and the touts of low sporting newspapers haunt the banks of the river to comment upon the practice of the crews. The tendency indicated is unsatisfactory, and, considering that it should

scarcely be the main object of a university education to turn out accomplished athletes, it is not wonderful that amongst the ordinary praises of the pluck and physical perfection of our lads there is beginning to be heard a strong undercurrent of distinct disapproval. The English undergraduate is in many respects, as I have good reason to know, a very fine and manly young fellow, but his ideal is rather too little directed towards mental cultivation and too much towards the physical and social accomplishments characteristic of a country-gentleman. To be a good rider and a good shot; to be able to quote Latin in the House of Commons and occasionally to make Latin verses himself; to be a man of honor and a straightforward, stupid "good fellow" (an expression which is lamentably prevalent), are all very fair objects of ambition; but they are not all that one requires from a university, and the popularity of the boat-race tends rather to encourage the development of this type of character at the expense of equally valuable qualities.

## Correspondence.

### MODERN RUSSIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be permitted to say a word in reply to the letter of Dr. H. von Holst, in No. 246 of the *Nation*, which has just reached me, in regard to the book of Dr. Eckardt. What I said about Dr. Eckardt's being blind to the dark shades of feudalism in the Baltic provinces had reference solely to the book under criticism, and not to his previous career. I never read the *Riga'sche Zeitung* (which I freely translated *Gazette*, as is often done) when under Dr. Eckardt's management, but his other books bear out my statement. I called Mr. Katkoff sincere, because I believe him to be so. I know him well, and, though I do not agree with all his ideas, I believe that he acts from conviction and from a sense of duty. The *Rizhskii Vyestnik*, a Russian journal published at Riga, was founded with his approval, if not co-operation. As 30,000 of the 120,000 inhabitants of Riga are Russians, I do not exactly understand the words "false flag," nor do I see anything wrong or insincere in Mr. Katkoff holding communication with the editors of the *Vyestnik*. As to Mr. Katkoff's moderation, that is a relative word, and there is a large party in Russia who consider him too conservative.

I have been much with the Russian peasant, and have observed this point particularly, and only repeat that it is a fact that the Russian peasant, not of course an Esthonian one, understands the church Slavonic, so far as it is used in the church services. I have even seen peasants reading aloud the Gospel in Slavonic. It is, however, a point of no particular importance.

I agree with Dr. von Holst that it is impossible to make the progress of two thousand years by two years' legislation. But if any abridgment of time can be made by legal measures, we can hardly ask the Russians to wait two thousand years, and do it as we did. Russia has, however, begun rightly at the bottom, and, by granting personal freedom and municipal self-government, has prepared the way for a greater civil liberty in the future.

In reviewing Dr. Eckardt's book, I endeavored to be perfectly fair and impartial, and did not mention many objectionable and questionable passages. I can only say that my opinion on the Baltic question, whatever it may be—and I agree with neither side—has been formed only after carefully reading both sides of a voluminous controversy, and after acquaintance and conversation with leading Russian radicals, and with representative men of the Baltic provinces, where I have some warm friends.

Very respectfully yours,

THE CRITIC OF "MODERN RUSSIA."

## Notes.

### LITERARY.

MESSRS. SHELDON & Co. announce a collection of editorial articles from the *Independent*, by the editor, Mr. Theodore Tilton, with the title: "Sanctum Sanctorum; or, Leaves from an Editor's Table;" a republication of Mr. Grant White's articles in the *Galaxy* on "Words and their Uses;" and a new work by Mr. Spurgeon called "Feathers for Arrows." It is also their intention to publish an octavo illustrated edition, bound and in paper, of Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in his Place," and a household edition

uniform with that of Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co.—Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt have in rapid preparation the "Mythology of the Aryan Nations," by the Rev. George W. Cox, M.A., which has just been published in England. —Messrs. De Witt C. Lent & Co., a new publishing firm, occupy the premises left vacant by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, at 451 Broome Street. They have in preparation, to be sold only by subscription, a memorial volume called "Presbyterian Re-union, 1837-1871," which will consist of eight chapters by prominent clergymen of both the Old and New School, giving the history of each since 1837, and of the re-union, along with biographical sketches of the leaders of the two schools, portraits on steel, etc.

—Of works recently or soon to be published in England, we notice the following books of travel. In Mr. Murray's list: Robert Shaw's "Travels in the Track of Marco Polo," or a visit to High Tartary, Yarkand, and Kashgar, and return journey over the Karakorum Pass, with map and illustrations—Mr. Shaw, it is said, being the first European since Marco Polo who has returned alive from Yarkand; "A Ride through the Disturbed Districts of New Zealand, and Notes of a Cruise among the South Sea Islands," from the journals of the late Lieut. Herbert Meade, R.N.; and "A Voyage Round the World, touching at Australia, Java, Canton, etc.," by the Comte de Beauvoir, translated under the author's superintendence. Messrs. Longmans & Co. publish "England to Delhi," a narrative of Indian travel, by John Matheson, with a map and eighty-two illustrations on wood. Messrs. Low, Son & Co. issue new editions of Mr. Henry Blackburn's "Pictures of the Pyrenees," and "Artists and Arabs." Among greater enterprises are the following, from Mr. Murray: A sequel to Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible—"A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," comprising the history, institutions, archaeology, geography, and biography of the Christian Church, from the times of the Apostles to the age of Charlemagne; "The Talmud," by Mr. Emanuel Deutsch; "A Mediaeval Latin-English Dictionary," founded on Du Cange, but illustrated and enlarged from a great number of archaeological sources, ancient and modern, by E. A. Dayman. We are also to have from the same house a further contribution to the Junius controversy, in "The Handwriting of Junius professionally Investigated," by Mr. Charles Chabot, expert, Hon. Edward Twissleton furnishing a preface and collateral evidence. This work will contain fac-similes of all the letters of Junius to Mr. Grenville and Mr. Woodfall, and one hundred pages of letters of Sir Philip Francis, out of all of which some light ought to come. Finally, we may notice two cheap reprints, by Alexander Murray & Son, that deserve to be circulated widely in this country: Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," with a brief biography of the author, and notice of his writings; and, in one volume, McCulloch's "Principles of Political Economy" and Locke's "Essay on Interest and Value of Money." Those who prefer the clearest and handsomest edition yet made of the "Wealth of Nations" will purchase that just issued by Macmillan & Co., edited with valuable notes by Professor Thorold Rogers.

—It was reserved for Lord Shaftesbury to object to the proposed revision of the English Bible, which we seem likely to get before long, that it would depreciate the stock of the Bible societies, and leave them with hundreds of thousands of undisposable copies on hand. We suppose this would result not altogether from the inability of these societies to work off their imperfect Scriptures, but from conscientious scruples on their part about circulating any but the correctest version. In that case they might, and probably would, go a step further and consider their pecuniary loss an even willing sacrifice to the truth which it is their mission to spread among all the nations of the earth. As the work of revision, however, is not the pastime of a day, it ought to be easy to reduce both the stock on hand and the manufacture, so as to keep pace with the progress of the Commission, and come out even in the end. Already, says the *Publishers' Circular*, the great producers have taken the alarm and stopped further production, of course not without hardship to their employees. On the other hand, too, the Commission is being anticipated in various ways, Mr. Murray having issued the prospectus of a new edition of the Bible, intended to give the general reader, "as far as possible, the same advantages as the scholar, and supply him with satisfactory answers to objections resting upon misrepresentations" of the sacred text. This, by the way, will be that of the Authorized Version of 1611, with its marginal references and renderings; but there will be appended a commentary with amended translations, and concise statements of the results of learned investigations in Scriptural matters during the present century. Bishop Thirlwall heads the list of editors or contributors, the general editor being Rev. Canon Cooke, Preacher at Lincoln's Inn. The *Circular* expresses a

very just regret that no one of the many Jewish scholars of eminence has been associated with the English scholars, at least in the poetical and non-prophetical Hebrew books. The proper paragraphing of the Bible ought to form part of Mr. Murray's plan, and the neglect of it by the Commission which Lord Shaftesbury discountenances would be inexcusable indeed.

—The Historical Manuscript Commission in England has begun its work, and has met with a great deal of favor from the possessors of collections. The number of those offering to communicate valuable documents is so great that five inspectors have been employed merely to examine these and report upon them. It is already possible to see that the disclosures are to have an important bearing on histories both written and unwritten. The Gunpowder Plot will be illustrated by papers found in the Phelps' collection at Montacute House, in Somersetshire, and which have lain undisturbed since 1612; also by a narrative, by John Fortescue and Helen his wife, in the library of Ushaw College, near Durham. This library also has seventy-two original letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, all in cipher except two, which are entirely in her own handwriting. Important letters of Charles I., one of them interceding with the House of Lords for the life of Stafford, form part of "a grand collection of papers, comparatively unknown, in the House of Lords." The Earl of St. Germans, at Port Eliot, has several letters from the historian Gibbon which throw light upon his parliamentary career and have a peculiar interest. The Scotch collections are described as full and important.

—What with missionaries, and railroads, and telegraphs, and steamships, and the settled purpose of the British Government, the breaking up of caste in India is merely a question of time. All these levers working to the same end, the question of precedence need not be raised. We presume, however, that it is fair to reckon the Suez Canal among them, as offering a temptation to the more intelligent Hindus to cross the "black sea" which caste expressly forbids its members to traverse—in other words, to visit foreign countries. Not long since we saw here two Bombay merchants who, having visited England once in defiance of caste and returned without harm, essayed the same excursion a second time, and even extended it to America. The end of caste being visible even to the eye of caste, it doubtless finds itself, in the case of these fugitives, very much as the stricter Quakers find themselves when their demoralized brethren buy pianos and let their children learn to play on them, or even marry out of the Society. It becomes prudent to wink at these transgressions. That is what must be done, we suspect, even in the case of Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, of some notoriety as the leader at Calcutta of the Brahmo Somaj, a society of Hindu theists, who aim to overthrow idolatry and caste in India. This gentleman is now in England, where he has preached in the chapel of the Rev. James Martineau, and received a public welcome as a religious reformer. It appears that his own church is but one of about fifty, in different parts of the peninsula, where similar doctrines are regularly inculcated, and which exert a growing influence in favor of education, of raising the condition of women, and against early marriages and polygamy, which so much delay the progress of the country. Dean Stanley, in behalf of all the Protestant churches, moved the resolution of welcome to Keshub Chunder Sen, and supported it in a speech of marked, but with him customary, liberality. Lord Lawrence gave some details of the personal history of their guest, who belonged, he said, to the physician caste, and, as an orphan, was educated in an English school and afterwards in a Calcutta college. Of the two classes of reformers, rationalistic and theistic, he chose to join the former, and is now the representative of the advanced section of it. They do not, however, as Keshub Chunder Sen himself explained in the course of the meeting, hold to any sectarian views. Confounded by the diversity of missionary teachings, and "passing through a bewildering series of endless dogmas, the Hindu still cherishes in his heart respect and reverence for the central figure of Christ," without attaching himself to any particular form of Christianity. Four lectures on the Brahmo Somaj, by its leader, have been reprinted in London, from the Calcutta edition, with a preface by Sophia Dobson Collet.

—The profession of medicine is decidedly that in which women nowadays choose to demonstrate their ability to accomplish whatever the male intellect can by study and application. It was but lately, in Paris, that Miss Putnam, daughter of our well-known publisher, bore off honors flattering to her countrywomen as well as to herself and her sex. Still more recently, the professors of the University of Vienna have of their own accord met to consider the propriety of awarding medical diplomas to women, although as yet no woman has applied to be examined for them.



and have decided that those who have received diplomas in other cities shall hereafter be admitted to attend the lectures and to visit freely the hospitals of Vienna. Already an English and a Swiss woman have profited by this concession. At Edinburgh, a medical student, Miss Edith Pechey, entitled by her marks to a junior scholarship, of the Hope foundation, and as a consequence to six months' free admittance to the laboratory, has been refused this reward of her diligence and offered a bronze medal instead. The case, as stated by *Nature*, appears to be wholly in Miss Pechey's favor. Dr. Hope, many years ago, opened a chemistry class for ladies amid great opposition—so great that he had to take his pupils in through a window, because the regular entrance was closed against them. The fees of this class amounted at his death to £1,000, which he converted into the scholarships which bear his name—two senior and two junior—under the following condition: "The class honors are determined by means of written examinations held during the session. The four students who have received the highest marks are entitled to have the Hope Scholarships to the laboratory of the University." There seems to be no doubt that the founder designed to include both sexes in this provision. Miss Pechey stands third out of 234 men and 6 women, and first of this year's students; she is matriculated and registered, and her claim is to be legally tested. Miss Sophia Jex-Blake is on the list of first-class honors in chemistry. "So the lady doctors," says *Nature*, "may fairly be congratulated on the results of their first session in Edinburgh."

—The low condition of the English stage is not helped by a necessity under which playwrights labor of stealing all they can from foreign and notably from the French dramatists, without violating the Copyright Convention with France. They contrive to do this by varying the original as much as they think necessary for their protection under the law and to entitle the product to be called a fair adaptation or imitation, and not a "piratical translation" pure and simple. Our readers will perhaps remember what slight alterations Mr. Robertson made in the play he borrowed from the German, and afterwards brought out as his own, with the name of "School," as we showed at the time of its performance in this city. Lately, in London, an unauthorized version of "Frou-Frou" was attempted to be represented at the St. James's Theatre, and an injunction laid upon it was removed, on a hearing before the Vice-Chancellor, whose decision, however, is to be reconsidered. As a London paper remarks, the Convention is a quite one-sided one, the English having nothing which the French care to pilfer or purchase a copyright of; and the latitude which it technically allows makes the protection it affords the French author altogether precarious. As a symptom of regard on the part of theatre-managers for some other public than that which can be calculated on to pay, an invitation sent to the London press by the lessee of the Theatre Royal has been remarked upon and is worth quoting. It seems intended to get the benefit of judicious criticism prior to the first public performance, but it does not hint in what way the criticism is to be conveyed:

"THEATRE ROYAL, —, April 11, 1870.

"DEAR SIR: We have a night rehearsal of the new piece entitled —, on — night, when, if you are passing this way, I should be glad if you would look in and see what we are doing. The stage entrance will be open.—I am, etc., —."

—A highly valuable book on the scenery, people, and customs of Japan, prepared with great minuteness, and in the most sumptuous manner, is that lately issued by Hachette & Co., "Le Japon Illustré," by Aimé Humbert, formerly a Swiss envoy and minister. It contains nearly five hundred engravings, relating to subjects of every variety and all degrees of importance, and mostly taken from photographs. The *Pall Mall Gazette* draws from it some rather striking comparisons between Japan and the British Islands, in its population, relation to the continent, and even history, though the feudal state of society exists there still in all its rigor. A landscape in Southern Nippon, which forms one of the illustrations, is said to be "quite an English woodland scene." The author, for his part, "says that the Japanese scenery frequently recalls the Swiss, and adds that the Japanese who travel tell him that no country reminds them so forcibly of their own as Switzerland." Reading and writing qualifications would not disturb the suffrage in Japan, as every man carries writing materials with him as naturally as he does his pipe, namely, a brush, a stick of India ink, and a roll of mulberry paper. The women, however, have this badge of inferiority, that they use a different handwriting from the men, and cannot read the men's, who, nevertheless, can read theirs. When the woman's rights agitation reaches those now tranquil shores, it is well to know what abuse must first be attacked. The map accompanying this volume is pronounced by the *Gazette* to be a great acquisition, as accurate as the Admiralty charts, and much fuller.

—A little more than eight years ago Renan delivered his first lecture as professor of the Hebrew, Syriac, and Chaldaic languages in the Collège de France—a chair which had been founded expressly for him. The "Life of Jesus" was not yet published, but Renan was already obnoxious as a dissenter, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which he had earned by his acceptance of a Government mission to Syria, in 1860, had rendered him an object of distrust and something more in the eyes of the Liberals. Hence, two elements of opposition manifested themselves in the lecture-room on the 23d February, 1862, and a reference to Jesus as "an incomparable man," whose work was of such an exceptional character as to win for him the name of God, was seized upon by the clerical party as the ground of effecting Renan's dismissal by the Government. His course was, indeed, at once suspended by the Minister of Public Instruction, who charged the professor with having "uttered doctrines which offended all Christian creeds, and might give rise to unfortunate disturbances." Subsequently Renan was displaced in favor of M. Munk, and now, after a vacancy of three years, caused by the death of the latter, the original incumbent is restored by the almost unanimous nomination of the College and the Academy of Inscriptions, the Government confirming it according to custom. This reappointment, of which no one doubts the fitness, is one of the consequences of the new political freedom of France, notwithstanding which Renan has not shunned the appearance of being a partisan of personal government. And, as he refused to conciliate the clerical party in 1862, so now he is careless of offending the Radicals of 1870. He has just published by itself the article which he contributed, last November, to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the "Philosophy of Contemporary History—Constitutional Monarchy in France." (Paris: Michel Lévy. 1870.) It is designed to show that the French Revolution proceeded philosophically instead of historically, imagining that a free state is founded by popular sovereignty in the name of a central authority, instead of by successive petty and local conquests; that this idea naturally begot the First Empire, to which Napoleon was not necessary, for he merely carried out the possible parts of the revolutionary programme. Speaking afterwards of the "grand law" that the life of mankind must consist of several degrees, he applies it to French monarchy as an institution necessary to the continuance of good government after 1793—the keeping, in fact, of an historical compact between the nation and some family devoted to its interests and personifying its genius. Without such a dynastic alliance, the national conscience in no country can be fixed and stable; with it, as France had it most perfectly in the Capets, the nation has not only royalty but a priesthood—a priest-king, a Saint Louis. These sentiments are hardly to be styled fresh or adapted to present political tendencies in either hemisphere. At most, they exhibit Renan's independence, and show that radicalism in religion is not invariably conjoined with radicalism in politics, though as for the former Renan warns the "powerful religious party" which has been pursuing him that some day the Church is likely to "invoke him as an apologist to repel injurious and destructive attacks," and that then they may regret the obstacles they have put in the way of "a respectful dissenter, who has never suffered himself to be driven beyond the point where he meant to stop, even by the most unjust usage."

#### THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

It is a long time since we have known the magazines of the month to average so well as they do this month; the rise in value being due to special improvements which each has made, by creating new departments or enlarging old ones; but also partly due to better and more interesting writing in the body of the magazine. For example, *Putnam's* offers seven or eight pages of "Editorial Notes," which possess variety of topic certainly and contain many sensible remarks, albeit written with the "vigor" which the profane have termed "slinging ink," and which may, perhaps, better be designated as the sort of slashing and peremptory writing which may be learned in many newspaper offices. Then the critical notices in *Putnam's* are this month more pleasing than hitherto, being unmarked by a certain peevishness of tone which has often pervaded them and being all the better for being better natured. But the greatest improvement which this magazine has to show is in its long articles, four or five of which are worth attention, and one of which is excellent. This last is by Mr. Hamerton, the well-known critic of pictures and painters. It is not about art, however, but is called "Polyglots," and is intended to show that "to speak a foreign language really well, is a matter of superhuman difficulty," and that no one is really perfect and a master in any language save his own. Mr. Hamerton, who is very

familiar with France, once thought he had at last found a person perfect in French and English, and was sufficiently surprised to resolve on examining his black swan more closely. He therefore engaged him in conversation in the presence of a born Parisienne, who, for the first half-hour, she said, detected nothing in his speech that was not right, but then discovered a fault: he did not vibrate the letter *r* properly. But what person does any of us know who, speaking his own tongue, has not some fault peculiar to himself? Testing the best speakers with such severity as that exercised by Mr. Hamerton in the case of Mr. Wyld—not accepting as enough an unflinching correctness in idiom and grammar and the choice of words—we would almost venture to say that of all the tribes of articulate speaking men there is not one person, man or woman, who could not be condemned. Mr. Hamerton goes on, talking pleasantly and instructively, and, if we are not mistaken, affording in his own person an example of the general truth of his main proposition. Or, perhaps it is considering too curiously to note in him what seems a not perfect amalgamation of his French and English habits of speaking and feeling and thinking, as expressed in his style, which appears to us to express a something of French ease and accurate perception of *nuances*, and something of British stiffness—woodenness and downrightness, to speak irreverently, and to use language which we fear Mr. Hamerton would do right to call British or American in the worst sense. All his lightness of touch seems laborious as we read. Another Englishman—let us say, in hope to make ourselves better understood—who has overlaid his Briticisms with a certain amount of Gallicism, and has fallen further short than Mr. Hamerton of chemically combining the two, is Mr. Matthew Arnold, as we think any one may see who will read the preface of the “*Essays in Criticism*.” If there ever was more palpably unguine suavity and more palpably genuine bloodthirstiness, we do not know where one may find it.

Another good paper in *Putnam's* is the first of a series on “Our Political Degeneracy and its Remedy”—a not very taking title certainly, but the designation of a piece of sound writing which is calculated to do good. To be vivified, however, and made readable by the average reader, we should say that a little less of the “Federalist” and a little more of the Federal senators and representatives might be desirable. There is some heaviness in the philosophizing and some creaking of the machine of thought. The first of a series, too, is Professor L. C. Seelye's essay on “Our Celtic Inheritance,” which asserts that we are far more Celtic than most Anglo-Saxons (so-called) have been believing. “Pernickity People,” that is to say, people who are fidgety about dirt and disorder, are the subject of a pleasant little sketch by Mrs. F. Barrow; “The Great Gold Flurry” is described by Mr. J. A. Peters; and the picture-galleries of Mr. August Belmont and Mr. W. T. Blodgett of this city are treated of by Mr. Eugene Benson, whose article is one of his best, and capable of giving pleasure and profit to most readers. One is perhaps justified in doubting whether a man with such a delight in color in languages has a right to more than one mode of giving expression to that side of his nature, and whether he is likely to paint as well as write. Still, there is M. Fromentin, of whom Mr. Benson speaks, who now is high in rank among French painters, and who ten years ago did not know whether he was “a painter who writes or a writer who paints.” The affair is not ours of course, except so far as that it belongs to us to say that Mr. Benson undoubtedly writes best when he depends least on the adjective, and holds himself most rigorously to simplicity, and thus sets a needed example to several other Americans whom it would be easy to name.

The May *Lippincott's* brings to its end Trollope's “Vicar of Bullhampton,” in which at last Miss Mary Lowther marries Captain Marrable and sends Squire Fenwick about his business, which for the present is to consist in roaming the world in some anger and more grief. How miserable a girl may be who marries a man she does not love is Mr. Trollope's moral in this novel, he says. Something of the same sort no doubt is to be the moral of the same author's new story, “Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite,” which begins as the “Vicar of Bullhampton” leaves off, and it does seem as if it had already been heard times enough. “The Echo of Appomattox,” which tells how the collapse of the late Confederacy affected England, France, Prussia, and Spain, is such as to please all Americans, and ought to assist us in bearing with equanimity the delay in settling the *Alabama* claims—if, indeed, more equanimity is necessary. Mr. McCarthy sets forth in his well-known manner—which is perfection in its way and a magic sword for a man who besieges all the magazines—the blind confidence in the ruin of the Union which was felt by the governing classes in England, and their bewilderment when suddenly they found Lee paroled at Appomattox instead of dictating peace at Washing-

ton amid general rejoicings. “Eccentricity as a Pursuit” is a gossiping sketch of the Comte de Châteaullard, recently deceased; “The Cross in Legend and Art” is a pleasant paper; and there is besides in *Lippincott's* a running account of American socialistic or communist movements. It is *apropos* of Mr. J. H. Noyes's book, to which it does not do justice, being perhaps severe enough on the Oneida Community but not full enough. It is by Mr. Lyman Abbott. The weak spot in this magazine is something entitled “The Widow Bedott in Philadelphia.” It was always of the essence of vulgarity—this style of writing, and it is now so entirely obsolete that the reader can only wonder that any editor should have any thing to do with it.

“The English Governess at the Siamese Court” in the *Atlantic* continues to be very entertaining, giving a portrait of the first king, Chowfa Mongkut, whose English in particular is sufficiently amusing. It is like that of the famous Anglo-Portuguese phrase-book prepared by a pair of Brazilian linguists for the use of such of their countrymen as should travel, but, of course, is not equal to that triumph of philology, which is easily superior to all other efforts of the absurd. Here, however, is a part of Chowfa Mongkut's obituary notice of his brother, Chowfa Chudha Mani, whom, by the way, he secretly hated as being a better scholar than himself, but whom in the literary production mentioned he professes to admire excessively: “He pleased very much in and was playful of almost everything, some important and some unimportant, as riding on Elephants, and Horses, and Ponies, racing of them and racing of rowing boats; firing on birds and beasts of prey, dancing and singing in various ways pleasantly, and various curiosity of almost everything, and music of every description, and in taming of dogs, monkeys, etc., etc., that is to say briefly, that he has tested almost everything eatable except entirely testing of Opium and play.”

Another readable article in the May *Atlantic* is the fifth of Mrs. Celia Thaxter's delightful sketches of life in the Isles of Shoals. This one, with its excellent painting of nature, is charmingly in keeping with the season, which, if it has not been very early, has, nevertheless, by its warm days and by the suddenness with which everything has sprung up and put forth buds, produced in the beholder a peculiarly strong impression of the presence of spring. It happens then that Mrs. Thaxter, with the keenness of her pleasure in the sights and sounds of the season, makes an attack which it is the harder just now to resist; but what she has written is absolutely good, and is independent of considerations like these, so that we can promise pleasure to almost any person who reads it. We hope that before the series is done a paper or two more may be devoted to the superstitions and other folk-lore of the isles, and to a portraiture of the Shoaler. “My Secretaryship” is a little story by a new writer, so far as we know, who seems to be “a true woman”—a term which we suppose to mean something more feminine than ordinary woman—and a vivacious lady, as well as an out-and-out sentimentalist of the most unmistakable sort. “Signs and Show-Cases in New York,” by Mr. C. D. Shanly, is a piece of pleasantly humorous talk on a subject which, however, is still open to other humorists, we should say, and which ought, one would think, to tempt such persons very much indeed. “The Channel Islands” is something about Guernsey, Alderney, Jersey, and Sark, as the school geographies used to say, and is by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, who also leaves behind her much grain for other reapers, and who is not particularly entertaining. Better, we judge, than entertaining is what appears to be a very intelligent letter from Madrid, which gives the circumstances of the recent duel between the two princely cousins of Bourbon and Orleans, and describes the character of the principals. The business seems to have been one that may be sincerely regretted by all outsiders, with whatever mixture of feelings Spanish partisans may regard it.

The poetry of the *Atlantic* is by George Eliot, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and Dr. Parsons, Mr. Aldrich's being the best—a pretty neatly turned little poem—but Dr. Parsons's blank verse having a fine movement, though on the whole there is not much in “Aspromonte.” But prettier than any other verses in the number are some quoted by Mrs. Thaxter:

“Ships, ships, I will describe you  
Amidst the main,  
I will come and try you,  
What you are protecting  
And projecting,  
What's your end and aim?  
Some go abroad for merchandise and trading,  
Another stays to keep his country from invading,  
A third is coming home with wealth and costly lading,  
Hullo! my fancie, whither wilt thou goe?”

They owe some of their beauty to their setting in Mrs. Thaxter's descrip-



tion of the vessels sailing past her light-house, but will be liked by themselves. As for Mr. Taylor's "May-time Pastoral," it is English hexameters, but we do not see that it is not as good as George Eliot's "Legend of Jubal." We confess to having read neither of them through.

The reviews and literary notices are by Mr. Cranch, Mr. Henry James, Mr. T. W. Higginson, and Mr. Howells, and are, without exception, good, though why a little less kindness to Leigh Hunt and a little more civility to Mr. Arthur Helps would not have been in place we but darkly guess.

"Diet en Masse" is perhaps as good as anything else in *Hours at Home*, though Professor E. P. Evans's "William Blake" is enriched by two or three of Blake's most beautiful poems. The latter article, however, is on the whole slight. A short story perfectly full of love, "which is pretty to observe," as Pepys used to say, being that warm and gushing as to be a fountain of youth to the reader, is "Pink and Blue," by Miss Sarah Chester. Jack, a handsome young man, but not a kingly soul, pleadingly requests Gertie to wear a pink ribbon on the next day; Tom, not so handsome, but hard headed and royal in spirit, briefly requests Gertie to wear blue. Gertie goes up to her little room, hesitates, deliberates long, and on the next morning, such is the nature of young women, she appears dressed for the picnic and wearing the pink ribbon, which causes handsome Jack to look handsomer than ever, and Tom to look grimmer than his former self. Figure then in the imagination the degree to which Mr. Jack is taken aback by finding Miss Gertie behaving to him in a very austere manner all the morning, as if he were merely an acquaintance. The obtuse Tom, however, superior in virtue of his nature to the wiles of women, persists in his delusion and in wearing a look of pain. Gertie execrates all shades of pink and snubs everybody. Her soul is not at peace. Going away with little Kittie to wade in the water, she is overtaken by a storm, and when she tries to get back to the hotel by the beach she sinks in a quicksand. The natural cry of "Tom" comes to her lips, which is immediately answered by Tom himself, who rescues her, arriving with his burden just in time to see the somewhat shallow but handsome Jack coming down stairs to enquire "what is the matter?" Still Tom persists in keeping his eyes shut. Jack is to have her; he will be brave. Nothing, by the way, is more noticeable in all these tales than the inexorableness of even the youngest and naturally kindest of the writers of them. They are so relentless to the wretched lovers that we may be sure Malthus's doctrine is not yet going to come in fashion. There is no fear that there will not still be pairing. At last Gertie emancipates herself from Jack, who, she says, need never have left her had he but had the soul, as he had the mien, of a prince, and proceeds to do something very like making an offer of marriage to Tom, who is a little stupid to the last. So, then, "Pink and Blue" is very far from being the worst story in the world, and it is written in a sprightly, straightforward, pleasant way, the opening, in particular, showing skill.

*Hours at Home* begins with an article by Mr. S. S. Randall, which we opened with some expectation of pleasure, as thinking to see in a periodical which has influence in the American religious world a logical appreciation of the exact state of the controversy between the Roman Catholics and the friends of American free schools. This was the more to be expected as the article is entitled "Popular Education *versus* Sectarianism," and is by the Superintendent of the Public Schools in this city. But the sum and substance of it is this: that the Roman Catholics ought not to have any special grants of money for the support of their schools, nor should the school fund be divided. So far every non-Romanist goes; but it is not a sagacious non-Romanist, we are compelled to believe, who stops there and goes no further. *Hours at Home* might profitably take a lesson in this matter from the *Christian Union*, which is not only the ablest and best, but, also, as we suppose, the most popular of American religious periodicals. At all events, it is safe to predict that it will soon have, if it has not already, greater influence than any other religious paper in the country—an influence which will be none the less, we are persuaded, because it has taken in the discussion of this question the only position that is tenable and cannot be forced.

For the rest, *Hours at Home* has an agreeable desultory chat about "The Art to Blot," which talks of poets and their painstaking; something readable concerning an Arab wedding; an article containing curious information about the symbolism of numbers, and half-a-dozen of other pieces.

*Old and New*, too, as well as *Hours at Home*, discusses the question of "Religion in Schools," the writer describing himself as "a practical teacher." He comes, after more or less irrelevant pleading, to a conclusion which also has much irrelevancy: he would have a joint commission,

made of delegates from all the principal denominations, prepare a Scriptural manual, which should satisfy all consciences. This the Catholics have, over and over again, said in the most emphatic manner it is impossible to do. But "a practical teacher" has not learned the art of putting himself in another person's place and understanding the grounds of a Roman Catholic's objections to Bible readings without note or comment, and it is not too much to say that all his ammunition is so much powder and shot fired into the air. Of the rest of this number of *Old and New*, perhaps the most generally interesting portion is that written by Mr. Robert Dale Owen, but it cannot be called very fresh. There is more of "Ten times One is Ten," by "Colonel Fred Ingham," and of Elise Polko's novel. There is a Sandwich Island legend, by Mr. W. T. Brigham; a careful and encouraging article on the "Mormon Problem," by Charles T. Brigham; and several religious articles which will be of interest to Unitarians, but which the world of magazine readers will not care for. The "Record of Progress" gives us some information concerning the Rochdale Co-operative plan, as tried in this country, at Fall River and near Providence, Rhode Island; some account of the People's Banks in Germany, as set forth in the recent report made by Mr. S. M. Quincy; a report of the doings of the well-known Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school Libraries for the Unitarian denomination; a résumé of what has been done for the black man under the new order of things in South Carolina; a New York letter, and a letter from Mr. Sidney Andrews, in Washington. It cannot yet be said of *Old and New* that it is not heavy rather than light, religious rather than literary, and too scrappy; but it is not half a year old, and as it bids fair to live its friends may look to see it good.

The chapters of "Put Yourself in His Place," in the *May Galaxy*, are a little less exciting than some of the instalments of that story which have preceded this one; but are perhaps more interesting. They give another proof of that quality of Mr. Reade's which makes some women dislike him—or try to dislike him, for we do not know that any actually succeed—and makes some men like him: namely, his inability to conceive of women except in what may be called their adjective position, their subordination to sexual influences. This last adjective is not used in any coarse sense. The passion of love, and love of a kind out of which the physical element is not at all left, has been the spring of his best novels. In the later ones this simple motive has been somewhat overshadowed by a deal of "business" not naturally growing out of it—as in the case of this novel by trade-unionism; but here in these chapters, what with the complication arising out of Grace Carden's marriage and Jael Dence's love for Henry Little, the story is for the moment reduced to its essence, and Mr. Reade again reminds us of the Mr. Reade of "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone"—stories which, it seems to us, much as we admire all his works, he has never since their time equalled.

Mr. Mark Twain's "Memoranda," though some of them are sad—as the demise of "The Good Boy who did not Prosper"—will please all the friends and enemies of this writer. Mr. Greeley, however, will feel some natural jealousy of the agricultural remarks. Mr. Thurlow Weed contributes some queer passages from his forthcoming autobiography. He is garrulous, and that about people for whom the general public of this generation cares nothing; but the picture of the "stage" of fifty years ago is interesting, and Central New York ought to furnish a good many readers for this part of Mr. Weed's book. "Chanet" is a not over and above good story by Mr. De Forest; "Nature and Dress" is talk not very new, but all sound we suppose, by Dr. J. C. Draper; "A Marshal of France," by G. B. M., sketches very clearly the career of Bugeaud, whom General McClellan knew personally; "George Sand" is by Mr. Justin McCarthy, and appears to be fair as far as it goes; there is, moreover, the close of a shocking story by Anthony Trollope; there is the story of "The Lady of Gruach," or Lady Macbeth, by Mr. Grant White; there is a piece of Walt Whitman's which is about as valuable and beautiful as almost any equal length of that gentleman's fabrication, and these with a dozen other articles make up the May number of this clever and readable magazine.

In *Harper's*, the "Easy Chair" defends the American lecture system, of which some philosophers have thought and spoken slightly, and says that "the platform" is a good institution, because it presents to the people, through the mouths of eminent men, or well-known men, the two sides of the questions which agitate the popular mind; and we presume he would add that the people might never, as a whole, hear both sides, but each half of the public would hear only the one in whose favor that half might chance to be prejudiced. There is a good deal in this, we sup-

pose. Two dangers, however, threaten the argument—one that this people, which listens contentedly to both sides of a question, would probably not remain in ignorance of one side, even though this should not have a lecturer; the other is that lecturers are not apt to be so exhaustive and unimpassioned as to make one very well pleased at the thought of even half the people taking law from them. We confess, however, that there are lecturers, and lecturers, and that, though we have heard few good ones of any kind, and a mighty array of very bad ones, our objection was rather to the itinerant teacher than the itinerant orator attempting to set "causes" in motion.

"Secular and Sectarian Schools," by Mr. Lyman Abbott, is the best presentation of this vexed question that we have found in the magazines of the month, but it wears a very non-committal air. Nothing else in the May *Harper's* calls for special mention.

To define "the American state" is the object of the leader of the *Catholic World*; but inasmuch as the modern course of opinion in regard to religion and the functions of government, of which the existing American state is one of the results, passes with our author under the name of "the revolution," it is difficult to see how he can speak of the state, as he does, with praise, or how he can predict ruin to "the revolution" and glory to the American polity. The article is, perhaps, not worth reading, as being of the vagaries of a man who has always done more of the labor of thinking than the world has ever been able to think justified by the usefulness of the product of his thought.

"Dion and the Sibyls" goes on in an agreeable fashion, though nothing would be easier than to parody with ludicrous effect the mixture of story and antiquarian learning—the way in which the latter is brought in having of itself, indeed, almost the effect of a parody.

There is, besides, in this magazine a civil review of Emerson's prose works, an amusing paper about Sir John Maundeville, a beautiful "May Carol" by Aubrey De Vere, and some other matter, of which none is of importance.

#### THE HOHENSTEINS.\*

WE are pretty well persuaded that the days must be longer in Germany than in any other part of the inhabited world—say twenty-four hours daylight, besides the night time, in each seventh part of a week. We think the encyclopedic form of novel could not otherwise have originated there—a summer's reading between two covers. The book whose title is affixed to this notice affords a forcible contrast to the rapid, hit-or-miss, slangy style of some of the modern English novels, such as "Red as a Rose," "Cometh up as a Flower," "Within an Ace," where the eighth sin, more deadly than the seven others, is evidently to be "slow." That horror of being bored which is the simple explanation of many complex social conventions in England, has not yet dawned on the Fatherland—rather a patience, a longanimity exist, which may make it a blessed habitation for the professional story-teller. We are curious to see how representative government may affect this disposition; yet the Grand Cyrus was written under a "despotism tempered by epigrams," and we are still in doubt. It is high praise to say of "The Hohensteins" that in spite of its length it is not tedious, but that the interest is remarkably maintained through the diversified and complicated adventures of a whole family. Both author and translation have considerably improved since "Problematic Characters" appeared. There was an element of fertility in that story which, though perhaps intentional, was too undramatic to be tolerable, whereas this plot is ably constructed and, though complicated, is coherent.

The story opens in the spring of 1848, and deals with three generations of the Hohenstein family then living, and variously affecting and affected by the political and revolutionary activity of that year and the following one. In spite of the name—or perhaps because of the impossibility of moulding a hero out of a grand-uncle, three nephews with their wives, and five grand-nephews and nieces—Munzer, an ardent patriot, and a revolutionary politician, is the real hero of the book, and is powerfully drawn. An occasional realistic touch in his character, life-like inconsistencies, and a strong pervading vitality suggest that this personage is drawn from life, and Cajus, though of inferior type, has the same stamp. Major Degenfeld, also, is a valuable addition to the usual stock characters, and is so delicately discriminated from his companions and co-workers that we shall be surprised if he is not recognized by those more familiar than ourselves with the actors in that drama of high hopes and bitter failures—the German uprising of 1848. We, who have played and won in the great game of civil war in the years just passed, must read with an appreci-

ative if painful sympathy of the gallant efforts, the stifled purpose, and the loyal self-devotion of our less fortunate brethren.

In the Hohenstein family, we have the usual rich and despotic head of the family, the usual interested and scheming heirs, and the female villain, who is rather a special possession of German and Prussian novelists, but who in this instance is unusually genuine and coherent, though decidedly improper; we have the good young man who is poor and wearisome, with the profligate favorites of fortune, his cousins—in short, the usual *dramatis personæ*; but the life of the book is the incubation, the bursting forth and the collapse of a political movement, and here Spielhagen has been a true artist, and has focussed the light on Munzer's figure. This man, variously gifted, influential, beloved, and sincere, whom we see first as the centre of a great and hopeful activity, we follow through the tragic mistakes and failures of his life to its close (which, by the way, is the best managed thing in the book), and forgive him his long speeches for the sake of the earnestness in him. Antonia (the female villain) taxes him with being not one of the people:

"You mock me!" replied Munzer, with a melancholy smile. "I cannot blame you for it, you have cause enough. You wish to know where my kingdom is. Here, behind this brow, within the narrow walls of this head! And who are my royal parents? Poor peasant people, who wasted their sad lives under the burden of heavy baskets, in which they carried earth up to the narrow terraces of the slate mountain, where every two or three years they reaped a pitiful harvest of grapes. The toys they put into my aristocratic hands were a spade and a hoe; my playmates were half-wild goats browsing on the coarse grass of rocky heights. My royal parents died of grief, misery and sorrow; and I, their only princely son, would have perished likewise of misery and hunger if the priest in the nearest village—the only true friend I have ever known—had not taken pity on the poor ragged orphan, and shared with him his pittance of daily bread and precious knowledge."

There is an occasional touch of humor, which is refreshing among so many of the very highest sentiments, as where Camilla says: "A few thousand dollars more or less do not matter much." "The mother sighed. She thought of several old bills, of which her husband had no suspicion, and how enormous the difference between a few thousand dollars more or less is for a maternal heart, beating affectionately for her daughter's wardrobe!"

"I believe Munzer is going to lose his senses," said Dr. Hohn. "How can a man be so clever in general, and such a fool in particulars?" Aunt Bella, too, with her shabby-genteel expedients, is cheering.

The translation is not without its defects, of which these are a few:

"Your lady (meaning 'your mare') is knocking her fore shoes to pieces on the pavement. *Apropos* of lady! are you really going to exchange her for Brinckman's sorrel?" "Two thousand years ago it was called folly to fill new wine in old bottles." "Hampered by the *bans* under which I have been put by my family." "It was a deed, and he had always felt that Wolfgang suspected him of not being energetic enough to do a deed."

It is an awkwardness to speak of *Rheinfeld*, and in the same sentence to translate the name of a place into "Churchtown." We would also suggest to the proof-reader that the final *e* in "noblesse oblige" and "misère" is never accented. There are some very dramatic scenes in the book, as that where Antonia and Munzer are hidden by fog from the advancing troops, and the last sight which we have of Degenfeld and Balthazar; and finally, we can assure intending purchasers that patient readers will be no losers.

*The Great Empress. A Portrait.* By M. Schele De Vere, of the University of Virginia. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.)—Like another Southern author whose book we had recently under consideration, Professor De Vere seems bitten with the desire to "ensnare youthful devotees of light literature" into the acquisition of historical knowledge by keeping carefully out of sight such dry and prosaic matters as dates and precise references, and setting before them instead a highly colored picture of the times and people whom he is describing. His "Great Empress" is scarcely to be called a valuable contribution to historical science, but is rather a much expanded magazine article in the style with which his readers in *Putnam* must be already familiar. One lingers over passages like one we are about to quote, describing a scene in the life of Tiberius, and wonders whether it is only the general public for whom this profitable kind of amusement is provided, or whether the avenues to knowledge are in like manner smoothed and made pleasant to students of the Virginia University.

"There he lay, exhausted and weary in the early morning, with a sinister and ferocious expression in every lineament, and savage rage lurk-

\*The Hohensteins. A Novel. By Friedrich Spielhagen. Translated by Prof. Schele De Vere. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.



ing in every wrinkle; his whole countenance filled, as it were, with the concentrated infamy of many ages. Suddenly a light step was heard on the crisp sand, and, with sylph-like quickness, there bounded forth a Bacchante of marvellous beauty. Grapes of golden hue, relieved by ruddy vine-leaves, encircled her temples in a rich garland, and waved in airy dance as she came gliding in softly, touching her cymbals with timid finger and looking wistfully in the dread emperor's face. He smiled, and off she bounded again in the wild, intoxicating Bacchic dance, her lustrous and defiant eyes throwing out vivid flashes of light, her bosom heaving in the roseeate warmth of her youth, and all her limbs swaying to and fro—now in a tumult of wild passion and now in the soft waves of infinite grace. As he gazed at her with a passing thrill of admiration, she stood still for an instant in all the perfect symmetry of sculpture; as he wearily closed his lids, she became at once again all motion and fire, till her deep black hair fluttered in ringlets around her, her light robes flew back from the jewelled brooch on her knee, and her tiny sandals clinked on the bright mosaic in unison with the capricious clank of the cymbals. The emperor looked again as she passed, now near, now at a distance before his eye, but ever radiant with sublime beauty; his eye blazed up in unwonted fire, and he beckoned her to fill the golden goblet by his side with Falernian wine. He raised it eagerly to his lips, as if to drain its ruby vintage to the bottom; but he fell back exhausted, overcome by the power of his passion, and soon he was writhing in one of those paroxysms of rage which made men whisper in stealthy conclave that their master was a madman."

The full value of passages like this, however, and of numberless others which rival it, is only to be understood by readers of the entire work, who know that it has no bearing on what follows or what precedes it, and that

it shows only how easy it is to superadd the lighter charms of fiction to the graver details of history.

\* Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.

Authors.—Titles.	BOOKS OF THE WEEK.	Publishers.—Prices.
Alger (H. J.), Ben the Luggage Boy: a Boys' Story.	..... (Loring)	\$1 25
Appleton's Railway Guide for May, 1870, swd.	..... (D. Appleton & Co.)	
Aguilar (Grace), The Mother's Recompense.	..... (D. Appleton & Co.)	
The Vale of Cedars.	..... (Chas. C. Chatfield)	1 00
Allibone (S. A.), A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors Living and Deceased, Vol. II., K-S (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	.....	
Barker (Prof. G. F.), The Correlation of Vital and Physical Forces, swd.	..... (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Caldclough (W. G.), Homer's Iliad translated into English Verse.	..... (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
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